The Ypsilantian.

EIGHTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887. NUMBER 393.

Buy Your Groceries

—OF—

GRAVES,

THE LIVE GROCER.

Low Prices, Best Goods.

STEPHENSON,

The Photographer,

of Ypsilanti and vicinity, wishes to inform the public in general that he has secured the service of

Mr. A. C. Butler,

of Detroit, as operator and general assistant. Mr. Butler, having had a large experience in the business, is enabled to do first-class work. Don't take my word for it but call and be convinced.

Students' pictures at reduced rates. Don't forget that we make the

New Permanent Bromide Picture.

STEPHENSON,

Over the Postoffice.

The Business World in Miniature at

Cleary's

BUSINESS COLLEGE!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY,
PRINCIPAL.

PURE ICE CREAM

Manufactured from the

Best Sweet Cream

—BY THE—

Ypsilanti Creamery Company.

Orders for cream for socials, parties, picnics or for private consumption promptly filled.

Orders left at E. Washburn's Restaurant will be filled at wholesale prices.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, $75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. L. A. BARNES, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,
E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,
CHAS. KING. S. H. DODGE.

REMOVED!

The undersigned has removed his stock of

Guns & Sporting Goods

to his NEW STORE on North Street, one block east of River Street, where he will keep a full line of Guns and

Sporting Goods!

at prices that defy competition.

I trust my old customers will give me a call, and I shall be happy to see as many new ones as may be pleased to call. tf

GEORGE W. HAVENS.

LADIES!

You need not soil your dresses. Dr. Kelly's

Medicated Arm Shield

will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.

Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

H. P. GLOVER,

Dealer in Dry Goods, etc.

Electric Sudor!

The only remedy in the world for sweating feet, swelling, burning or galding extremities.

Can be used as a summer dressing for all kinds of burns, galds, chapping, &c., &c.

Endorsed and recommended by over a thousand physicians of Chicago. Used by U. S. army and navy.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

HEWITT & CHAMPION,

Dealers in Boots & Shoes.

WM. MALLION,

Gunsmith, and dealer in all kinds of Guns Pistols, Ammunition, etc. Repairing and Gas Fitting promptly attended to.

Washington St., Ypsilanti.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS

Over the Bee Hive,

UNION BLOCK, - CONGRESS ST.

Vitalized Air if desired.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,

Successors to Comstock & Ebling, dealers in

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No. 30 Congress Street,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITHE & POWERS, Publishers.
(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - PERRY F. POWERS.)

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN,
Ypsilanti, Mich

FREE CONCERTS—The merchants and business men of the east side have made arrangements with the City Band to give a free concert each Saturday evening until further notice, beginning with next Saturday evening, July 16. The concert will be given from half-past seven to half-past nine. These concerts will prove quite enjoyable to the throngs of Saturday evening shoppers and promenaders that fill our streets, and much credit is due to the east side merchants for their enterprise and liberality in providing them

VETOED BY THE MAYOR.—The resolution passed by the City Council at its last meeting, accepting the bid of the Jenny Electric Light Co., of Indianapolis, to provide an electric light plant, towers, arm lights, etc., for $10,875 has been vetoed by Mayor Cornwell, and further action in the electric light matter is thus made necessary. The Mayor telegraphed from Cottage City, Mass., last week, that he would veto the resolution, and the formal veto was received by Clerk Joslyn, Monday, and will be acted upon at the regular meeting of the Council next Monday evening. The Jenny bid was accepted by a vote of nine to one, and it is therefore certain that the resolution will be passed over the Mayor's veto by a two-thirds vote.

THE ELECTRIC TOWERS.—The contract with the Jenny Electric Light Co., which it is very probable will be accepted, in spite of the Mayor's veto, provides for five iron towers, each seventy-five feet in height, one to be located in each of the five wards. The first ward tower will be located at the south junction of Huron and Washington streets; the second ward tower on the corner of Pearl and Normal streets; the tower in the third ward on Forest Avenue, near the Normal; that in the fourth ward near the school house in that ward, and the fifth ward tower on Prospect hill, near the residence of Mr. J. N. Wallace. The arm lights will be located at every alternate street intersection, in the more thickly settled parts of the city, and where most needed in the suburbs.

THE AUGUST RACES.—Judging from present indications, the officers of the Ypsilanti meeting of the Central Trotting and Pacing Circuit are looking to a gathering of horsemen and horses here that will far surpass in number and note the meetings of the past two years. Mr. C. L. Yost, secretary of the Ypsilanti Association as well as of the Central Circuit, attended the meeting at Ionia last week and made arrangements with the owners of several first-class flyers to attend the meeting here. Mr. W. H. Lewis is attending the Saginaw races this week, and will make similar arrangements with the owners of the best horses there. It has also been decided to present some special attraction each day during the meeting, the exact character of which will probably be announced next week.

OUR SANITARIUMS.—Both the Ypsilanti and Forest Aveune Sanitariums are now well filled with summer health-seekers and the degree of success with which their patients are being treated is much greater than ever before. Patients are here at present who have tried the treatment of almost every prominent health resort and Sanitarium in the country, and the universal testimony of such is that the Ypsilanti mineral water is unequaled in its health-giving properties, and that the treatment at our sanitariums is first-class in every respect. The beauty of Ypsilanti, too, is not the least feature in attracting visitors, and this feature, as is the case with the Sanitariums, is constantly being added to and improved.

Weather Signals.

Arrangements have been made by the enterprising firm of Lambert & Sons, general provision merchants, East Side, whereby Ypsilanti will be supplied with daily weather indications. The signals for each successive twenty-four hours, commencing Saturday of this week, will be displayed from a flag-staff at their place of business, and cards containing full directions for reading will be issued from their store to all who apply for them.

Ten Dollars Reward.

A red morocco pocket book was lost last Saturday evening, between the residence of G. W. Amsden, Chicago avenue., and Mrs. Bogardus, Washington street. Ten dollars reward will be paid to anyone who will return the book and contents to the owner, at 15 Washington street.

A Sharp Subject.

Scissors, shears, razors and jack-knives, ground and sharpened in first-class manner, at Geo. Witmire's barber shop, on Huron street.

Obituary.

FRANK. D. WALLACE.

There is never a time, perhaps, when the coming of death does not bring with it sadness and pain to some loving heart. The baby form that death has touched and stilled, is clasped with arms that love would prompt to hold forevermore, and the wasted form of the aged one is followed to the grave with sorrow at the parting of one long known and loved, quickened and deepened by the memory of tested love and many helpful words and deeds. But there is that sense of sorrow in the death of one who just has reached the point in life where its hopes seem brightest and its promises so full and fair, that hardly comes with the parting from the infant or the aged one, and such is the sorrow that has come to the parents and brothers and sisters of Frank Wallace and all who knew and loved him.

Frank D. Wallace was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Wallace. He was born Feb. 14, 1866, in the house and room from whence last Monday evening his spirit went out to Him who gave it. The diseases that finally called him away first attracted attention while Frank was in Kansas last year. He had been employed in the furniture business with Wallace & Clark, but that labor proving too heavy for him, he expressed a desire to go to Kansas, to engage in farming and stock-raising and his wish was willingly acceded to. He left here for Kansas in June of last year, and after enthusiastically taking up the work he had planned to engage in, was obliged by failing health to give it up and go to Colorado in hopes that there his strength might be regained.

The hoped-for recovery did not come, however, and from Colorado he went to California, where three months ago he was visited by his father. It was then learned by the latter that Frank's lungs were badly affected, and Mr. Wallace saw at once that it would be necessary to bring him home without delay that his last days might be spent at the old home with those who most loved him. For a time after his return here, Frank seemed to grow stronger and better but his gain was of short duration. During all his sickness he was patient and brave, enduring the pains and trials that came to him in the last days of his life with courage and fortitude that were not all his own.

Just previous to his departure for the west, while he was yet enjoying the fullest hope and strength of life, in company with his brother, Edward, and several other young men, Frank was received into full membership with the Methodist church here. As he approached the hour of death, his faith and love for the Redeemer of the World increased and was clear and full. His death occurred Monday evening, July 11, and he was buried Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock.

Mr. Ephriam Cummings, who has since some time in December last made his home with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Seymour, of this city, died Friday last, July 8, and was buried Sunday. Mr. Cummings was 75 years of age; his death was caused by cancer of the throat. He was only related to Mr. Seymour by marriage, and although he had several children living who were abundantly able to care for him, the comfort and care that attended his last months of sickness were owing entirely to Mr. and Mrs. Seymour. They cared for him as tenderly as they would had he been an own father, and conveyed his remains to their last resting place with every possible mark of reverence and respect.

Emma, six-year old daughter of Wm. Voorheis, who lives in the fifth ward, died last Saturday of diptheria and was buried Sunday. Care was taken to prevent the disease from spreading and no other cases have been reported.

The Summer Night Concert.

The arrangements for the concert to be given under the auspices of the Ladies of St. Luke's church, at the Opera House to-morrow (Friday) evening, are about completed, and the following partial program has been announced:

1. Nay, bid me not Resign.....Mozart
   Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pease.
2. Selection.....Mr. George Tyler
3. The Wagon.....Malloy
   Miss Ella Joslyn.
4. Cavatina, from Barber of Seville..Rossini
   Miss Jennie Cross.
5. Fiorantes' Singing Lesson
   Mr. and Mrs. Pease.
6. 'Twas not to be.....Succi
   Mr. Tyler.
7. Selection.....Miss Joslyn.
8. Selection.....Miss Cross.
9. Non Torno.....Mattei
   Mrs. Pease.

As intimated above, the program given is subject to change and additions, but it is nearly enough correct to enable the ladies of St. Luke's to guarantee a concert perhaps never before equaled in this city in superior excellence throughout. The numbers given are all vocal, the accompaniments to be played by Miss Fannie Bogardus. The names of the participants are all familiar to Ypsilantians, and words of praise in their behalf would be superfluous. Prof. Sill has promised to give a recitation, if he is in the city on the evening of the concert.

Admission to the concert is but 25 cents; reserved seats 35 cents. For sale at Dodge's.

Mrs. Geo. W. Lee has sold her beautiful new residence on the corner of Pearl and Adams streets to Mr. E. C. Bowling, $4000 being the consideration. Mr. Bowling will take possession about the first of September.

Personal.

Mrs. S. P. Rowell is visiting with her daughter at Dundee.

Miss Ada Norton will spend the month of August at Chautauqua.

Will McAndrew is considering an offer of a position in the schools of Hyde Park, Ill.

Hobert Davis will spend the summer in Petoskey, as a member of the Arlington House orchestra.

Mrs. E. P. Allen and children are spending the midsummer weeks at the old home of the former in Sharon.

Mr. John King of Alliance, Ohio, a former resident of this city, is visiting with his aunt, Mrs. Dr. McAndrew.

Mrs. D. E. Wilber of Normal St, and son Freddie, are visiting friends in the northern part of the state.

Mrs. Geo. Cook, who has been visiting friends in Howell for the past four weeks, returned home last week.

Mr. C. Daschner has closed his meat market establishment on Washington street, but will probably resume business again in the fall.

The troupe advertised to appear at the Opera House last Tuesday evening, failed to appear, having gone into bankruptcy at Flint.

Mrs. J. S. Jenness and daughter Laura returned last Friday from a six weeks' visit in the west, at Omaha and St. Paul.

Misses Etta and Ella Shepherd of Chicago are visiting here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dennison and other friends.

Mr. E. S. Shaw left yesterday for White Cloud, Newaygo county, where he will occupy the pulpit of a Congregational church during the college vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Hall are making an extended visit with relatives in Detroit, and their daughter, Miss Emily is sojourning in New York.

Mr. A. D. Morford is attending the Druggists' convention at Petoskey this week, and will extend his visit at that pleasant summer resort until some time next week.

Mrs. Minnie Rathfon and Florence Goodison are visiting at Petoskey, the guests of Mrs. William Snyder, formerly Miss Hattie McElcheran.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sayles leave for Charlevoix to-day, where they will remain until time for Mr. Sayles to resume his evangelistic labors.

Miss Minnie Peck of Detroit has been visiting here during the past week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Goodrich and other relatives.

Marshall Pease and C. L. Ellis left last week for Eureka, California, where they have accepted positions as instructors of music and penmanship in a young ladies' seminary.

Mr. Henry Alger of Manchester and Miss Mary E. Smalley of Chelsea, were married at the M. E. Parsonage here, last week, July 6, by Rev. Mr. Springer.

Mr. A. M. Noble and family will remove to Detroit next week. Mr. Noble parts with his old home and neighbors with no little sadness, but the parting is not more the occasion of regret to him than to his many friends in this city.

Miss Anna Hotchkin of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting here, the guest of Miss Vee Cornwell. Miss Anna, it will be remembered, was the star member of the Hotchkin family of musicians which gave one of their delightful concerts at the Opera House here last season.

Mr. W. J. Booth of Centralia, Ill., brother-in-law of Mr. C. L. Yost, is at present in Europe, "doing the continent." A letter received by Mr. Yost from Mr. Booth, on one of the hottest days of last week, tells of a journey across the Alps, some parts of their path being impeded by ten-foot snow drifts. Refreshing summer reading.

We are under obligations to Mr. Elijah Allen of Omaha, Nebraska, for a pamphlet copy of the premium list of the Nebraska State Fair, to be held at Lincoln, Sept. 9 to 16, and also for the premium list of the Omaha Fair and Exposition Association, which will hold its annual fair at Omaha from Sept. 5 to 10, inclusive. The fifth annual reunion of the soldiers and sailors of Nebraska will also be held in Omaha the same week as the fair.

The Coldwater Republican thus speaks of a young man well known in this city, his former home: "Prof. M. A. Breed shakes the dust of Coldwater from off his feet to-morrow or next day. He has been a faithful and thorough teacher and departs with the highest regard of his pupils and the community." Merle has received several flattering offers from the other schools, but has not yet decided to accept any and may return to the University next year and take the M. A. degree.

Mr. Geo. Hodge was much surprised and pleased, last Sunday evening, after the union service, when he was handed a purse of $50 by Rev. Mr. Cheney, the gift of a number of his friends in the Baptist church. The purse was presented as a parting testimonial to the fidelity and zeal Mr. Hodge has displayed as leader of the choir and in the interests of the church generally, and it would have been much greater in amount had it been possible to have presented the matter to all members of the church who have appreciated Mr. Hodge's work. Mr. Hodge has accepted a position as member of a Chicago hydraulic engineering corps, and will begin service in his new position soon.

Byron Edwards departed Tuesday for Kansas City, Mo., where he will engage in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Guise left yesterday for Charlevoix, where they will spend the remaining days of July.

George Cole is enjoying his summer vacation at Mackinac and other northern lake resorts.

Mrs. E. B. Howard and little daughter, of Ishpeming, Mich., are visiting here with Mrs. Howard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Barnard.

Mrs. Charles Ferrier and son Harry and brother, Dan Quirk, left yesterday for a short sojourn on the sea shore, Nantucket island being their destined point.

Miss Jennie Clemens, preceptress of a Detroit ward school, is visiting here with her niece, Mrs. J. P. Vroman.

Prof. George and wife are spending this week in Chicago, the former attending the meeting of the National Teachers' Association, and the latter visiting with friends.

Mr. Frank P. Watson of Boston, a student in the dental department of the University, is spending his vacation here, assisting Dr. James in practical dentistry.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Comstock and family and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Comstock and family are camping at Silver Lake, near Brighton, this week. They will return home about the middle of next week.

Warren Pattison is now employed as business manager, foreman, and assistant editor of a Charlotte prohibition paper. Mrs. Pattison and children left for Charlotte Monday.

Miss Julia King of the Normal, accompanied by her mother left this morning for St. Clair, where the greater part of the school vacation will be spent.

Mr. J. W. Kennedy, of the Normal class of '87, who has been acting as business manager of the Normal News during the past two years, concluded his relations with that journal with the issuing of the last number of the present year, this week, and left for his home at Sparta this morning. Mr. Kennedy has been very successful in his management of the News, and it is due in a great part to him that it is now one of the best school journals in the country. His relations with the Ypsilanti business men have been mutually satisfactory, and especially does The Ypsilantian retain pleasant memories of agreeable business relations with him. Mr. Kennedy has accepted the Principalship of the Parma schools for next year, and the patrons of that school can be assured of the services of an energetic, enthusiastic young man.

Mere Mention.

A Woman's Relief Corps has been organized at Milan.

An Ice Cream social at Good Templars' hall to-morrow (Friday) evening. All are cordially invited.

A new steam heating apparatus, to cost $3,175, has been ordered for the county house, from a Detroit firm.

The Sunday afternoon temperance meetings at Good Templars' hall have been discontinued on account of the excessive heat but will be resumed again in September.

Union services will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Cheney of the Baptist church will deliver the sermon.

Mr. Charles King is building an addition to his brick residence, corner of Pearl and Adams street, thereby adding to the beauty of his already handsome residence.

The Denton correspondent of the Wayne Review says that John Presley of Denton was much benefited from the use of the Ypsilanti mineral water.

The Ann Arbor Shutzenbund hold a grand shooting tournament at their park in Ann Arbor the first week in August. Prizes to the amount of $1000 will be given.

The report that Mr. D. C. Griffen had purchased the residence of Mr. A. M. Noble on Huron street is true, but the intimation that he intended soon to occupy it with a Mrs. D. C. Griffen, Mr. G. emphatically denies.

William Diehl, a mention of whose recent murder, near Tombstone, Dakota, by Indians, was given in this paper last week, was a resident of Ann Arbor about twenty years ago and his aged mother still resides there.

The Young People's Mission of the Presbyterian church held its annual summer social on the grounds of Wm. Deubel's residence, Huron street, Tuesday evening. The grounds were beautifully illuminated, and the occasion was in all respects a very pleasant one.

At the meeting of the Business Men's Association, Tuesday evening, a number of new applications for membership were received and plans and arrangements for an aggressive improvement campaign marked out. Regular meetings of the Association will be held every Tuesday evening until further notice.

There will be a social at the residence of Mr. F. Braisted Tuesday evening, July 19, under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the Baptist church. Ice cream, bananas and cake will be served both in the house and on the lawn. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

O. A. Ainsworth & Co's new building on Congress street is completed and will henceforth be the firm's headquarters. The new building is arranged for a model flour and feed depot and will be conducted on the plan and scale of its arrangement.

Mr. Robt. E. Coy, former proprietor of the depot drug store, who has been representing a Detroit drug firm in the western states during the past four months, returned here Monday, and will make a visit with his wife and other friends before again taking the road.

Through some mistake in mailing, a number of The Ypsilantians of week before last were sent to subscribers last week. While we believe a second perusal of The Ypsilantian would prove a mental luxury and good moral discipline, our subscribers can suit themselves as to indulging in such luxury and discipline. If those who failed to receive last week's paper will inform us by postal we will mail it to them.

Mr. P. M. Campbell is acting as assistant secretary of the Detroit Driving Club, now busily engaged in preparing for its Blue Ribbon trotting meeting, which commences on the 19th inst. and continues five days. The purses for the meeting aggregate $25,000, and among the many noted horses entered are such as Harry Wilkes, Oliver K., Johnson, and probably Jay Eye See.

We received from D. J. Campau, this morning, too late for publication, a program of the great Blue Ribbon Trotting Meeting at Detroit next week, commencing Tuesday and concluding Friday evening. Special races and sensational attractions, either of which would make the meeting of almost national interest, have been provided for each day. No lovers of trotting sport can afford to stay away from Detroit next week.

William Haviland, a middle-aged married man who lives in the first ward and used to drive a dime express, was arrested last Thursday, on a charge of stealing hay from a stack, preferred by S. C. Hamlin. The offense was committed last spring. Haviland was taken before Justice Griffen, where he pleaded guilty and was given a sentence of thirty days imprisonment in the county jail.

A new grocery will be opened on Congress street, in the building lately occupied by Mrs. Martin as a millinery store, next Saturday, July 16, by Mr. C. H. Foster. Mr. Foster was formerly in the grocery business at Albion, and becoming possessed of a desire to return to his old home at Auburn, N. Y., sold his Albion store. He spent last winter in Auburn, and its effect upon his health decided him to return to southern Michigan and to select Ypsilanti as his future home. Mr. Foster is at home in the grocery business and will no doubt secure his share of the trade of our city and vicinity.

Mr F. D. Davis of Negaunee, Mich., who is visiting here, lost his pocket-book last Saturday evening, between the residences of Mr. G. W. Amsden on Chicago avenue and Mrs. Bogardus on Washington street. The pocketbook contained $25 in currency, a check for $100, and a note for $15, several railroad tickets and other valuable papers. The check and note and papers are valuable only to Mr. Davis. An offer of a reward for their return is elsewhere printed in this issue.

The death of Mr. L. A. Barnes, who was President of the Peninsular Paper Company, made it necessary to reorganize the official board of the company, which was done at a meeting held last Thursday. D. L. Quirk was elected President; Philo Ferrier, Vice President; J. E. Beal, Ann Arbor, Secretary; C. P. McKinstry Treasurer and Manager. The business of the Peninsular Company is in the hands of good officers, and especially is the company fortunate in the possession of its present Treasurer and Manager. Mr. McKinstry is thoroughly familiar with every detail of the paper business, is a reliable young man in every respect, and in his business relations is courteous and obliging.

Mr. Henry Bohl, of Marietta, Ohio, Chairman of the Ohio Democratic State Central and Executive Committees, is in the city at present, taking treatment at the Ypsilanti Sanitarium. Although laboring under the disadvantage of being an Ohio democrat, the most persistent and aggressive species of the genus democrat, Mr. Bohl is a genial, pleasant gentleman and is the possessor of a fund of information respecting places, persons and political matters of the Buckeye state that seems almost exhaustless. The Ohio democrats would willingly tender Mr. Thurman a unanimous nomination for Governor, Mr. Bohl informs us, but the probabilities are that he will not accept, and that the nomination will be given to Thomas E. Powell. The democratic state convention has been called to meet at Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, July 20 and 21. Mr. Bohl will attend the convention and will after its adjournment again return to Ypsilanti, his health having been much benefited by the mineral water and treatment of the Sanitarium.

A fire at Port Huron Tuesday evening, destroyed $25,000 worth of property. The loss was principally confined to lumber yards, planing mills and furniture factories, and the insurance was very small.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

A Red Hook (N. Y.) man owns forty-nine cats.

Susan Coolidge has a parrot which is said to quote passages from her novels.

General Stevenson, of Illinois, was the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is an expert shoemaker and mends his own clothes.

The musical prodigy of Dakota is said to be little 4-year-old Blanche Ramer of Valley City.

Queen Margaret of Italy has established an asylum for the blind in the Baths of Diocletian at Rome.

George Bancroft, the historian, never fails to pass an early hour of the warm weather among his rose bushes.

A woman who counts her children to the number of twenty-eight has been pensioned by the Mexican government.

"The Great-Chief-without-a-Scalp" is the title given to the Prince of Wales by the Indians of the Cody band in London.

Baroness Burdette-Coutts is a large purchaser of American buckwheat which is canned ready for the griddle for the London market.

The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is increasing. It is now 19,080, the largest number since Titus destroyed the sacred city, A. D. 70.

A Vermont (Ill.) farmer planted a sunflower seed to each hill of beans. The stalk serves for a pole while the seed makes excellent chicken-feed.

The Marquise de Mores, who used to be Miss Hutton and is now the wife of the marquise of cowboy fame, is a talented artist in black and white.

Lafcadio Hearn, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has removed to New York to engage in literary work that will take him to the West Indies.

Mrs. J. Wells Champney, wife of the artist and author of "Three Vassar Girls," is among the most enthusiastic of the New York photographic guild.

Justice Lopez, one of the leading English judges, was lassoed by a three-year-old papoose while strolling through Buffalo Bill's show in London.

"An eel can live out of water for at least eighteen days." A Kentucky Colonel can live without water for a whole life-time.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Base-ball is one of the best-paying of professions. There are probably at least twenty-five players in the National league who have bank accounts of from $10,000 to $50,000.

Women are frightful gossips, we know, but if they were not their husbands would miss a great deal of entertaining information about the neighbors.—*Journal of Education.*

"Hubby, dear, I always feel so apprehensive when you go out shooting," "But, my dear girl, what harm can betide me?" "Not you, but the poor keepers."—*Wiener Wiztblatt.*

Brown—"I detest that fellow Crape." Jones—"The undertaker?" Brown—"Yes. He is all the time talking shop. Ever time he meets me he asks after my health."—*New York Mail.*

You want to know the derivation of the word gumption, do you, Eulalia? very well; it is derived from gum and shun, and a girl who has gumption is one who shuns gum. Chew see?—*Pittsburg.*

Gingseng—"Congratulate me, father, I'm going to be married." Gingseng's father—"Do you think the lady will be able to support you in the style you have been accustomed?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Rev. Mr. Tong, a Chinese Baptist preacher, delivers exhortations in front of a large pagan temple in Chinatown, San Francisco, every Sunday afternoon.

A calf near Oxford, Fla., had two splits in one ear and an underbit in the other at its birth, and the eyes and horns in the place where only the eyes should be.

There are 16,939 old soldiers registered on the Grand Army of the Republic books of Kansas. One thousand names have been added during the last three months.

A North Carolina clergyman not only refused to marry an eloping couple, but arrested the bride and telegraphed her father that he held her subject to his orders.

Prince Bismarck's two sons are two of the hardest workers in Germany. They begin regularly at 8 in the morning and often remain at their labors until far into the night.

Edward Everett Hale told the students of Cornell that the best opportunity of studying human nature was to be had by entering the profession of the schoolmaster.

A Vermont boy learned to make cider brandy in his mother's teapot from the information concerning the physiological effect of alcohol" contained in one of his obligatory textbooks.

Many American ladies in London are said to be unable to find ready-made shoes there small enough to fit them, the average of the American being greatly below the average English foot in size.

Miss Minnie Hershey, employed on the Falls City (Neb.) *News*, is said to be the fastest compositor in the state. The editor of the *News* offers to back her against any man in the state in a type-setting match.

Deacon George White of Seymour, Ind., has been expelled from the church for declaring his belief that the world is 1,000,000 years old and that it is likely to stand for another before the judgment day comes.

Andrew Carnegie's furnaces at Pittsburg are said to make as much iron per year as was made in the entire country in 1861. Pittsburg claims to have the largest steel-melting establishment in the world. The city melts 369 tons per day.

Lord Salisbury remarked at the recent Royal Academy banquet that he could not call to mind a single statue of a man attired in a "claw-hammer" coat, and G. A. Sala adds that he wishes some sculptor would try the experiment.

"You are very late, doctor," said the sick man, feebly. "I expected you an hour ago. I am afraid the delay may prove serious." "I am very sorry," responded the physician. "but I got into an argument over the relative merits of the old and new schools of medicine, and couldn't get away."—*New York Sun.*

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Delivered in the Camp Meeting Tabernacle at Marthas' Vineyard.

TEXT:—"Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."—II. Cor. xi., 33.

He said: Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Felix are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman by the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that his defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cicilian preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mt. Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a crowd of clenched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house-top. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have sure evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall.

"Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that Gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fastened a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished heaven and earth. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crush it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry 40 guns looking through port holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. Oh how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, Eng, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulders of the other, and down the human ladder the boy decends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the million of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools, and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For 50 years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangilized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small cicumstances depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work.

But God knows, and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know.

There are said to be about 60,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50,000 I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggles to get their every day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parential table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the gospel after I am dead."

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor; four of the sons wanted collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that my parents always looked tired. I don't think they ever got rested until they lay down in Somerville cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening and say: "Well, I don't know what makes me so tired!" Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the day's fatigues. One of the four brothers, after preaching the gospel for about 50 years, entered upon his heavenly rest. Another of the four is now on the other side of the earth, a missionary of the cross. Two of us are in this land in the holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing to acknowledge our obligation to the old folks at home. About twenty-one years ago the one, and about 23 years ago the other, put down the burden of life, but they still hold the rope.

Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from western prairie, or from southern plantation, or from English, or Scottish, or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to the racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Who art thou mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter of an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for 20 years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for 30 years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confident of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are now out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward for all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damacus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A six-penny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him.

A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a strain of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with 75,000 tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be argumentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

A Ludicrous Picture.

Carlyle draws a picture at once ludicrous and sad, of a body of peaceful English peasants who are disciplined and drilled and dressed in red and sent away to Spain, and there placed opposite to an equal number of French peasants, also in uniform, and with guns in their hands. At the word of command, both parties fire, and thirty men on either side fall dead; "and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even unconsciously by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot." Is not this, in a nutshell, the history of half the wars the world has seen? The Governors have quarreled, and the people have been made to believe the quarrel was their own; and is there not the strongest reason for supposing that as education spreads, as Governments become more truly representative of the people whom they govern, and as the people come to understand more truly their real interests, wars of this kind at least, into which kings lead their subjects blindfolded, will no more be heard of?—*Home Journal.*

Cost of Making a Watch.

They were comparing timepieces in the De Witt house office the other day. A. L. Dennison, of Portland, was one of them. Trustee Ben Hilton, of North Anson, balanced a gold timer on his dexter finger, and Hon. Rufus Prince, of South Turner, produced the old reliable sun-regulator from his watch-pocket. It looked like a convention of watchmakers, and served to point a moral to this story.

"A cousin of mine," said Mr. Dennison, "who was one of the same name as myself, was the first person to make a watch by machinery, and it was he who established the Waltham watch works in Waltham, Mass. He was abroad every twenty years in Switzerland and on the continent, introducing his watch-making machinery.

"Not long ago, on a visit to this country, he came to see me. He asked me this question: 'How cheap do you suppose I can make a watch by machinery—*i. e.*, a good, fair movement, one that we would warrant for a term of three or four years? I tried to answer him, and did make a guess. Now, what would you say?"

"I can buy 'em for $3.60," said Charles Weymouth.

"Oh, say—er—er—$2," replied Mr. Prince.

Mr. Dennison smiled, and as he clicked his jackknife and put it in his pocket replied with that peculiar satisfaction that always invests such a situation: "He said that he could make such a watch for just 88 cents."

Importance of Reading.

No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may at will, put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past; with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest, where no human voice cheers him with the animated tones; if he has books to read he can never be alone. He may choose his company and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent, in the best sense, of the first in importance, of the department of school education.

Her Husbands.

After a certain concert a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?"

"Sir, that was written by my late husband!"

"Ah, yes, of course. I did not mean—— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?"

"Ach Himmel! that is my present husband."—*Chamber's Journal.*

H. Rider Haggard says that he is more desirous of being considered a good sportsman than a capable novelist.

Chinese Chattels.

Says the San Francisco *Chronicle*: Surveyor Tinnin is telling a good story illustrative of the habeas corpus frauds and the wholesale plan on which they are conducted. Upon the steamer City of Sidney, which recently arrived with a large consignment of "guaranty letter" men, were a number who were the property of one Ah Jack, who, with Wong Ah Kay, "Presbyterian" Ah Lui and "Palace Hotel" Ah Duck and many others, is engaged in importing Chinese in violation of the restriction act. As soon as a vessel docks the favored brokers rush to the federal courts and swear out writs of habeas corpus by the dozen and regardless of any special Chinese on board the vessel. They then go to the gentry before named and sell the privilege of their writs to the highest bidder. On this occasion Ah Lui, who poses as an *amicus curiæ*, as usual rushes to the federal court on the arrival of the steamer and obtains his writs, sufficient to cover the number of men consigned to him. Ah Jack met Ah Lui, and, being anxious for an early landing of his cargo, a bargain was soon made with Ah Lui for the use of his writs, payment to be made when the men were landed. "Habeas Corpus Pat," the expressman who serves these writs in the name of the court, being present, they were soon on board the vessel. Ah Jack's chattels were ferreted out, and Ah Jack, standing at a distance on the wharf, had the satisfaction to see Ah Lui's writs take his men and their baggage down the gangway by the customs officers, and on the wharf Ah Jack, in his excessive joy, then exclaimed to a bystander:

"Now me allee litee. Ah Lui thinkee me foolee. Me too muchee sabe law. Me long time cook at Auburn for Jo Hamilton. He tellee me muchee law. Me too muchee sabe lestliction act. Just now my men free on the wharf; me no payee Ah Lui —— cent."

In the meantime Ah Lui having marched the chattels to a convenient place on the wharf had them halted while he went to Ah Jack for his money. The demand being made, Ah Jack in his choice Uing Yung dialect informed Ah Lui that the men were now on the wharf and were free and that he would not pay one cent. Upon this declaration Ah Lui suddenly realized that he had made a mistake in identifying the men on the vessel, and returning forthwith to the chattels "about faced" them and marched them back on the vessel telling the customs officers that he had made a mistake as these were not the men his writs called for. The officers knowing that they were the same men just taken off the vessel, permitted them to return. After a short examination on board the vessel Ah Lui marched down the gang plank by the customs officers another lot of Chinese supposed to belong to him. Ah Jack observing these movements uttered the agonizing soliloquy: "Me sabe; me catchee law; Ah Lui catchee court. Ah Lui beatee me. Catchee law, no good. Catchee court; velly good alle time. Me losee money just now; me have go lawyer and payee regular court prices get my men ashore. Jo Hamilton law no good."

A water company near San Mateo, Cal., is constructing a remarkable dam at the San Mateo canyon in order to form a reservoir. The canyon is very narrow and steep, and fifteen feet below the bottom is a solid rock, on which the foundation of the dam will rest. The structure will be 170 feet high, 175 feet wide at the base, 30 feet at the top, and 700 feet in length. It will be the largest stone dam ever known to have been built. The dike will have a curvature of eighty feet, and the convex side will be up-stream. The material will be a new sort of concrete composed of stone. The walls will be perfectly smooth. The reservoir that will be formed by it and the adjacent hills will be about eight miles in length and 150 feet deep in the deepest places. Its capacity will be about 32,000,000,000 gallons. The water will be conveyed by tunnels to the city of San Francisco.

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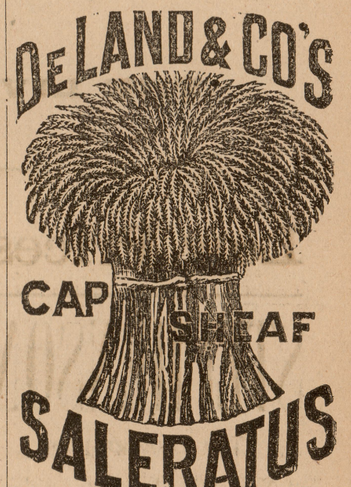

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MARSYSA.

A straying flock, a mountain fold;
A cavern arch, a well-spring cold;
A woodland flute, a lyre of gold;
A challenged god to contest come, a saty rover-bold!

The light leaves sighed, the waters ran;
The pupil of rough mountain Pan;
With shaggy lip and cheek of tan,
With easy breath ank jocund heart, the tuneful strife began.

His gloating eye, bent down the while,
Saw not Apollo's fateful smile—
Saw not, from every forest aisle,
The shy and curious sylvans move, in swift but noiseless file.

For each clear strain was drink and food
To those that dwelt within the wood:
The dryad, full-discovered, stood:
The fleeting water-spirit stayed, and backward pushed her hood.

And then were all consenting, save
The master-lyrist smiling gave;
Across the strings he sudden drave
A flood of all-melodious sound—tumultous wave on wave!

And as the throbbing strings he smote,
Song rippled from his full white throat:
From cloudland bank and gulf remote
The shining ones in rapt delight were seen to glide or float.

That sovran sound the hills salute;
That sovran sound brooks no dispute;
It crowns the flute—poor woodland flute,
That soon between the god's strong hands lies broken, vauntless, mute.

The strife now ended, in amaze
Doth trembling Marsyas start and gaze;
Him, there amidst the mountain ways,
With his far-flashing golden bow, the wroth Apollo flays.

Beneath the cavern's jagged eaves,
The hapless child of Pan he leaves,
While his warm heart, outplucked, still heaves—
Ah, what avails it him his name to spring and river cleaves!

* * * * *

Remember, Marsyas, and beware!
The Kings of Song—they long forbear:
They smile on us, reproof they spare,
While we, forgetful-fond, release thin reednotes on the air.

But they, at last, up rise in ire:
A single hand-sweep on the lyre,
A single flash of heavenly fire,
Remember Marsyas!—lo, in shame our pride and vaunt expire!

—[EDITH M. THOMAS in the American Magazine for June.

THE KICKER.

There is an oldish gentleman who goes to his business in a street car every morning at precisely eight o'clock. He is known as the "kicker," by those who habitually meet him on the car, because every morning he has something to kick about, and once he gets to talking he keeps it up until he arrives at the corner where he gets off the car. He has been known to ride a few blocks farther than his corner, because he had got to talking on some subject, and had a good listner, and couldn't find a place in the story to break off. The same crowd are in the car with the old kicker every morning' composed of a couple of commission men, a coal man, a merchant, young women clerks, etc., and they like to engage him in conversation, and drop off one or two at a time, at different corners, and before he gets to his corner, and while in the midst of his story, the last one leaves him, and he talks to himself. The other morning he got on the car and they could all see he was mad. He jammed himself down in a corner of the car, put one hand on the top of the other on the head of his cane, and looked through a girl opposite him, at the sky in the distance, plainly mad enough to bite nails. A young man who works in a train dispatcher's office remarked to an insurance office clerk that he noticed by the morning paper that a new telegraph line was being built to Milwaukee, from the east. Before the insurance young man could answer, the old kicker said:

"It's high time there was a new telegraph line. The old telegraph company is a monopoly and a nuisance. Jay Gould ought to be sent to the penitentiary. Telegrams are delayed unnecessarily, and a man can walk faster than a telegram goes."

"O, I don't know," said the train dispatcher's young man, "a telegram gets here pretty quick. We got a cable message yesterday in fifteen minutes from London."

"Yes," said the old kicker, as he jammed his cane down on the slats of the floor, "and I got one last night from Wadsworth, forty-two miles away, in exactly seven hours."

"How did it happen," asked the insurance young man. "Lines down?"

"I don't know how it happened that I got it so quick," said the old man, as he took out a piece of slippery elm from his pocket and bit off a piece to chew. But my son was coming up from Chicago last night, and he telegraphed me from Wadsworth, to send the carriage to the six o'clock train. Soon after six he came up to the house in a hack, with his whole family, six or seven children, and wanted to know why I didn't send the carriage, and of course I told him I didn't know he was coming. He said he wired me, and I told him he must have wired me on a barbed wire fence, by mistake."

"Well, didn't you get the message at all?" asked a girl who clerks in a store where the old man buys his socks.

"O, certainly, I got the message," said he, as he put on his glasses to look at the girl. "My wife and I retired at the usual hour. I sleep on the right side of the bed, near the burglar alarm, and my wife sleeps on the left side of the bed, near the telephone, about so," pointing with his cane to a couple of slats on the floor, about in the relative position that he and his wife were sleeping, which caused the girl to blush and look out the front window at one of the mules. "We were both sleeping, and I was dreaming about fire. You see I had been afraid of fires all day, the wind blew so hard and had been to the fire at the brewery that day, so it was no wonder I dreamed of fire. My wife had eaten some dandelion greens for supper, and they set heavy on her stomach, as I told her they would when she was eating them, and she said afterwards she was dreaming Jumbo was walking up and down on her, though Jumbo is dead and Barnum has settled with the railroad company for ten thousand dollars, which seems to me to be a small sum for an elephant that cost so much as Jumbo did, though Barnum might have lied about the price he paid for the elephant."

At this point the car stopped and several young girls and the insurance man got off, and the old man turned to the train dispatcher's young man and continued:

"Well, all of a sudden a bell rang out clear, and we both woke up, scared. My wife thought it was the burglar alarm, and she tried to climb over me to get to the indicator to see what part of the house the burglar was trying to get in. You see we have had that burglar alarm set for seven years, every night, and it has never rung, and it was no wonder my wife was anxious to find out where the burglar was. She felt as though our long and patient waiting for a burglar was about to be rewarded, and that we were going to realize on our outlay for the burglar alarm, so she was climbing over me, when I concluded it was the telephone bell, and I was going to climb out on her side, and we collided. She went out over the foot board and struck her knee pan against the top of it, and screamed murder."

The train dispatcher's young man excused himself and said he would have to get off, and so the old kicker turned to the only girl that was left, and who works in a box factory and continued:

"My wife thought she had been shot in the knee by a burglar, and after looking at the indicator she went back to bed, and I visited the telephone. A bass voice answered me, and said there was a message for me. I was a little nervous, because I thought a message at that time of night meant that somebody was dead, but I had courage to listen, and I told the telephone man to go ahead."

The box factory girl rung the bell, and got off the car at her corner, and the old kicker looked mad, but he turned to a big whiskered man with a tin pail of lunch, who sat sleepily in the opposite corner of the car and touched him on the knee with his cane and proceeded.

"The telephone man read the message, 'Send carriage to six o'clock train,' and then I was hot. I said, 'excuse me, but ain't this message a trifle late,' and he said, "I don't know as it is,' and I told him it seemed to me that since the train alluded to had arrived seven hours previously, it was not absolutely necessary to wake a family out of a sound sleep, at midsight, when the message would keep all morning, and cause a woman to sprain her knee trying to catch the burglar alarm, but the telephone man said he didn't know but it might be interesting to know that the dispatch had arrived, and he wanted something to do to keep him awake, so he had called me up. Then I stood there in my night-shirt and for half an hour I gave that telephone man, who wanted something to keep him awake, my opinion of the telegraph, and I worked in a good deal about the telephone monopoly, that didn't set very well on his stomach, I guess, for after I got through talking I said 'Hello,' but he was not listening to me, as I guess he turned himself off, and let me talk alone.

Any way my wife called to me to get the camphor to rub on her knee, and the fact of the matter is we didn't sleep another wink all night. Don't you think it was a shame and an outrage?" to the big whiskered man with the lunch, who had pulled the strap to get off.

"Vos?" said the big whiskered man, as he got up to get off.

"I say, don't you think it was a shame?"

"Nix, furstay," said the man, as he alighted, and it dawned upon the old kicker that he had been telling his story to a man who did not understand a word of English.

"Condemned impudent and ignorant and impolite lot of passengers ride on these cars," said the old kicker as he prepared to get out at the next corner.

Female Education in Great Britian.

Harper's Bazar: It may not be generally known that the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, to whom Tennyson addressed one of his most beautiful minor poems, and who was famed for his good works, was the first person to give the impetus to modern female education on the course where since then it has so boldly advanced. Dissatisfied with the qualifications of the teachers found for girls, he looked into the subject and agitated it, became convinced that something more was due to the mothers of England than mere instruction in the elements, in morality, and in superficial accomplisment, and was the means of the ultimate chartering of Queen's College, which was followed by Bedford College, and both of which were eventually followed by the throwing open of the gates of Oxford and Cambridge to women for examinations—examinations which generously allowed women to pass on their acquirements if they could, without at first, affording them any of the means of study in order to make themselves able to pass. The outcome of all this was the opening of Hitchin College, whose name was afterward changed to Girton, of sweet girl-graduate fame, and the establishment of corresponding advantages at Cambridge, all of which leaves England still in advance of this country in the educational opportunities offered to women. What the advantage to be derived from all this effort is to be it may take the whole of a century or three generations to show us. But that it cannot but result in the elevation of woman, and so of the whole of humanity with her, is earnestly believed by those who are most interested in the matter.

One Cent.

It is almost impossible to attach any importance to one cent; but at the same time, it is a very important coin at times. It will take a circular to California, and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined, when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten dollar bill. Then will the wanting cent seem colossal. Especially when you see the conductor fold your ten-dollar bill and stow it carefully in his vest pocket, and then begin to deal you out a lot of change that looks as though it had been in circulation since the revolutionary war. One cent is very small when you present it to an organ-grinder's monkey, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music.

The Donnelly Cipher.

Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, who acquired the title "Sage of Nininger" by his two famous books "Ragnarok" and "Atlantis," and with whose name reading people have become familiar on account of his advocacy of the Bacon theory in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, has an interesting article in the July number of the *North-American Review*, accompanied by illustrations in fac-simile of several pages of the original Folio edition of Shakespeare. Mr. Donnelly claims that a cipher is enclosed in certain of the Shakespeare plays, and that he has deciphered it, to prove, once and forever, that Francis Bacon, and not William Shakespeare, is the author. In his *De Augmentis* Bacon says: "As for writing, it is performed either by the common alphabet, which is used by everybody, or by a secret and private one, agreed upon by particular persons, which they call ciphers." On the publication of the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, Bacon wrote to his friend and confidant, Sir Tobie Matthew that it was time to "Put the alphabet in a frame." This "frame," says Mr. Donnelly, was the Folio: for "the cipher depends on the paging of the Folio, and the paging is a frame to the text. Some interesting and remarkable facts are disclosed in confirmation of this statement, and Shakespearean students and readers generally will await with anxiety, Mr. Donnelly's book on the subject, which will be published by R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago. In closing his article in the *Review*, Mr. Donnelly uses the following language:

"There is no more doubt of the reality of the cipher than there is of the reality of the plays. My work has been delayed by the very immensity of the story. I can not begin to work out now all the narrative there is even in the 1st. and 2nd. 'Henry IV.;' it would take me a year longer. I will publish part of the story this year, and satisfy the incredulous of the truth of the discovery.

"What astonishes me is the fierce opposition which the English people show to the theory that Bacon wrote the plays. If one were attempting to prove that a Frenchman or a German produced them I could understand it; but when it is proposed to take the mantle of immortality from the shoulders of one Englishman and place it on the shoulders of another Englishman, I cannot see where national feeling has any place in the discussion. Conceding, for the moment, all that has been said against him, and Francis Bacon, the scholar, statesman, philanthropist, and founder of the school of philosophy which has done so much to produce our modern advancement and civilization, is certainly a nobler and more admirable figure on the canvas of time, than the guzzling, beer-drinking, poaching, lying playactor, of whom tradition does not record a single generous expression, or a single lovable act. And as to Francis Bacon's real biography, it is yet to be written, when all the materials furnished by the cipher narrative are in the hands of the world. We know enough now to see that he was sacrificed by James I., that vile slobbering 'sow,' as Buckingham called him, to save his favorite from the fury of the Commons, and to appease the rising tempest which eventually swept the royal family from the throne, and the head of Charles I. from his shoulders.

"The world can afford to wait until all the evidence is in, before it passes final judgment on the grandest and most gifted of all the sons of men. I believe it will be made manifest, in the end, that the moral grandeur of Francis Bacon was as great as his intellectual powers; and that he

* * 'Who died in shame
Will live in death with endless fame.'"

Effects of Woman Suffrage.

Kansas Man—Why do you keep that girl? She's the most insolent, ignorant, besotted specimen of a woman I ever saw.

Kansas Wife—I know it.

"She constantly neglects her work."

"Yes."

"And what she does do she does wrong."

"Yes."

"And besides that, she's a common thief."

"Yes, she has stolen everything about the house she can lay her hands on. But you must remember, my dear, that she votes our tickets."

"Great Cæsar! So that is why you keep her?"

"Certainly. Since my enfranchisement I have been looking up the records, and I find that you men have been filling the city offices on that principle for years."—*Omaha World.*

A Swell Chinaman.

I was specially requested not to give it away. Please dont repeat it. But the late flower show, you know, where they sold bouquets of choice roses at 75 cents for one night, and made the men pay $2 for a buttonhole all the rest of the time. Shrewd, indeed, it was. One night there was a great stir. A very swell Chinaman walked in in gorgeous robes. He came up to the bonbon stand and smiled on the ladies. He put down his money and bought something with Oriental dignity. The ladies whispered to one another, "the Chinese Consul", and he paraded around followed by an admiring crowd of girls until he reached a flower stand, and one of the ladies said: "Ah, Lee, come down to see the show?"

It was the cook of her elegant establishment in the Western Addition.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength restorer, — Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The death of Charles Henry Bruggemann, the German publicist, is announced from Berlin.

Famine prevails in Iceland. Many peasants and thousands of cattle have perished.

A Paradoxical Authoress.

Miss Mary Murfree is a perpetual surprise. Everybody has grown accustomed to the fact that Charles Egbert Craddock is a woman, but nobody who met the fragile, pale-faced lame girl during her recent flying visit to New York, found it easily possible to understand how such a quiet little creature who was obliged to sit to receive her guests, could have obtained such a mountaineer's familiarity with the rocks and the trees of the Tennessee crags, or have drawn such bold and masterly sketches of the rough characters who live among them. She writes like an active, fearless man, accustomed to every phase of out-of-door life. She looks like the most delicate of fireside-bred women. She is small, with big eyes that look bigger when a crowd has been lionizing her till she is pathetically tired, and dark-haired. She does not look like an invalid precisely, but is evidently far from strong. She is very simple, natural, and straightforward in conversation, modest to a degree in spite of an amount of adulation that might have turned any woman's head. Any reference to the long mystification about her identity calls out a rougish smile, and they say that when Aldrich was made speechless with amazement on his first presentation to her, she merely said: "You know I owed you one for Marjorie Dow." Her present home is in St. Louis and she will spend the summer there busy with new literary plans.

Evidently a Little off.

"Boy!" called a patrolman on Antoine street as he hurried into the alley to find a lad coming out of a back gate, "did you hear that report of a gun?"

"You bet!" was the reply.

"Where was it?"

"In our back yard."

"Who fired it?"

"I did, and don't keep me here any longer! Dad was in the woodshed when I fired at a cat, and from the way he is cussing and thrashing around I guess I missed that cat by about six feet!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do Not Think for a Moment.

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

A home for women teachers of every creed has been opened in Dresden, where they can remain during holidays or while looking out for fresh situations. Foreigners also are admitted, and it has already proved of great convenience to many. As newspapers and directories can be obtained there, it serves as a registry office also.

Col. R. S. Withers, Fair Lawn Stock Farm, Ky., and Joseph Cairne Simpson, Esq., Secretary Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association, commend St. Jacobs Oil for all horse complaints. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

Mrs. Hulda Nelson, of Albany, N. Y., celebrated her one hundredth birthday Tuesday.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
WILL CURE
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It has been decided to mobilize the French army.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

The longest sentence in Senator Evarts' speech to the Yale alumni contained only sixty-nine words.

No lady should live in perpetual fear, and suffer from the more serious troubles that so often appear, when Dr Kilmer's COMPLETE FEMALE REMEDY is certain to prevent and cure Tumor and Cancer there.

A run on a bank is always started by the runner of some other bank.—[New Orleans Picayune.

A woman at Lakeside tried to have her husband take Moxie to cure him of the drunkard's vice. He refused to take it, when he soon learned that she had, for she took him across her knee when he was drunk, and coaxed him handsomely with her shoe until he called for it. He was a sober man in an hour, and don't do so any more. He don't know whether it was the Moxie cured him, or the shoe.

The English sparrow and the Chinese fire-cracker must go.

The Weaker Sex

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

A man who gave himself away is said to be anxious to take it all back.—[Lowell Citizen.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

England's most celebrated preacher—Spurgeon—is only 53 years old.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The scandal monger is the hyena of modern society.

Breaking Down and Building Up.

When a man breaks down in the matter of physical strength, the question of its recovery depends in great measure upon the length of time he allows to elapse before adopting medicinal means to recuperate it. A tonic, which gives a speedy and powerful impulse to the processes of digestion and assimilation, is the best auxiliary he can employ, and he should resort to it promptly. The most reliable dependence of the feeble, the aged and the nervous, has ever proved to be Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant of national reputation and proven worth, commended by medical men of distinction, not only for building up a broken-down system, but as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, fever and ague, and kidney trouble. While not claimed to be a penacea, it is a most useful and comprehensive household remedy. It is, moreover, eminently safe as well as effective.

Gould steams down to business each day in his yacht, breakfasting on board.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.
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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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Suffering Womanhood.
Too much effort cannot be made to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barringer of Winston, N. C., and we quote from the General's letter as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicinal qualities of your Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barringer was treated for several years for what the physician called Leucorrhœa and Prolapsus Uteri combined. I sent her to Richmond, Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an eminent physician without any permanent benefit. She was introduced to try your medicine and after a reasonable time commenced to improve and is now able to attend to her business and considers herself fully relieved." [General Barringer is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.]

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For which this Remedy should be taken
Heart-pains, Palpitation, Heart-dropsy, Skip-Beats, Throbbing, Spasms (Fits), Numbness, Purple-Lips, Poor-blood, Shaky-Nerves, Syncope, Faint-spells, Hot-flashes, Paralysis, Heart-sympathetic
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"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
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SIZE OF PELLETS.
THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
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BEING ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a LAXATIVE, ALTERATIVE, or PURGATIVE, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.
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Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, for 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.
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THE BEST CATHARTIC. Mrs. C. W. BROWN, of *Wapakoneta, Ohio*, says: "Your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are without question the best cathartic ever sold. They are also a most efficient remedy for torpor of the liver. We have used them for years in our family, and keep them in the house all the time."

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FOR A CASE OF CATARRH WHICH THEY CAN NOT CURE.
SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.
Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. However, only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.
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CURES THE WORST CASES OF
Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
UNTOLD AGONY FROM CATARRH. Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."
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THREE BOTTLES CURE CATARRH. ELI ROBBINS, *Runnyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

A GRAND ARMY procession refused to march under a banner on which was hung a portrait of President Cleveland, at Ellsworth, Maine, on the Fourth. Isn't it possible that the members of the G. A. R. are making a much „bigger man" out of Cleveland than he could possibly make out of himself? The St. Louis and Ellsworth episodes have greatly stengthened Cleveland within his own party. Have they injured him in the estimation of the country at large?

THE Lansing Journal refers to the Hon. Patrick Collins, of Massachusetts, as "an eloquent and popular Irishman, a brilliant lawyer, a trained and accomplished statesman, and a liberty-loving true-hearted son of Erin," and in the same paragraph speaks of Patrick Ford as a Blaine claquer, and of Alexander Sullivan as a peddling orator. Collins is a democratic Irishman, while Ford and Sullivan are Irish republicans and enthusiastic supporters of Blaine. Hence the Journal's inflated estimate of the abilities of Collins, and its derogatory opinions of Ford and Sullivan. And yet, in the same column, the Journal deplores the "narrow, illiberal spirit" of the republican press and orators.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has been looking up the civil service record of President Cleveland, and reports that of 56,134 offices at the disposal of the administration changes have been made in 47,992. Changes, meaning republicans turned out and democrats put in. It is very probable that of the remaining 8144, many are held by democrats or administration sympathizers, and many others are so financially unprofitable as not to be desired. Curtis concludes that a practically complete change has been made, and the ultra-democratic desire for a clean-sweep has been granted in two years. "And where then," George William plaintively asks, "is the gain for reform?" Echo answers "where?"

WE are in receipt of a private letter from a personal friend, criticising our "demo-mugwumpian" editorials of last week, as our friend termed them, and condemning our tone of "superior political morality." We much regret to give offense to one whose opinions on all subjects we so highly prize, yet in the line of our expressed convictions we will take no backward step. It is our much-prized privilege to be in action and sympathy associated with a party whose principles and purposes in the past have been too grand and great to develop in its follower a taste and love for mere personal prejudices and partisanship, and until the memory of the words and deeds of such leaders of the republican party in the past as Lincoln, Garfield, Grant and Logan has ceased to influence us, and we can no longer avail ourselves of the brilliant leadership of such statesmen as James G. Blaine and other leaders of the republican party, we must refuse to descend to the level of a mere partisan scold and personal fault-finder. The future existence of the republican party does not depend upon the mistakes of its enemies so much as upon the superiority and greater wisdom of its own principles and policies. Had Grover Cleveland entirely avoided the mistakes of which so much has been said, he would not then in our opinion, in the domain of American politics be the peer of such men as Blaine or Allison or Edmunds or Sherman, and it is by reason of their superior fitness for the office of President, and the better principles they represent, rather than by reason of the mistakes or faults of Cleveland, that we will plead for the latter's removal and the election of the nominee of the republican party. Let them who will confine themselves to the keyhole and mud-hole departments of political warfare, we want no more of it. The eagle does not need to quarrel with the buzzard nor need the lion dispute with the donkey, to establish their claims of superiority—and not less is the necessity for the republican party to seek to establish its claim of representing the wisest, best and safest principles for the guidance and control of our nation by calling attention to the mistakes of a single man or by continuous, tiresome harping on the faults and blunders of its opponents.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERENCE.

IF the Catholic church in America is sometimes discussed in an unjust and unwarranted manner, from the Protestant pulpits and through the Anti-Catholic religious press, it can lay the soothing unction to its soul that such undeserved reflections are most often caused by the acts and words of its own children. In the last issue of the Michigan Catholic is given an illustration of the tone and spirit too often employed by Catholic papers and prominent representatives of the church in relation to persons and opinions with which they are not in sympathy. It will be remembered that we made a mention last week of a meeting, held under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Henderson, of a Detroit Baptist church, in the Polish quarter of Detroit, being disturbed and broken up by Catholic Poles, the only excuse or reason given for the outrage being that "the Poles had been Catholics for a 1000 years and didn't want any Protestant preaching to them." In an editorial reference to the action of the mob, the Michigan Catholic, the organ of the church in this state, refers in a sneering, contemptuous tone to Mr. Henderson and the other members of his church who were interested in the meeting as "Baptist Saints," and continues as follows:

Whether the Rev. Henderson will accept this as the end of his attempt to "convert" the Poles of Detroit we cannot say; but we feel almost certain that if the attempt is to be continued, the preaching will have to be done in the open air. This will be dangerous for the convert's head as well as troublesome for the policemen. The question may be asked, if the game is worth the powder? Mr. Antoschewski will never turn a Polish Catholic into a Polish Baptist. We would advise the Rev. Mr. Henderson to count the cost and figure up the profits before he expend any more money in that enterprise.

And at the conclusion of the editorial is this paragraph:

We will promise that if the "convert" will stay down town, say, in Rev. Henderson's church, he may preach and pray, even in the Polish language, as much as he likes without interference from the Poles of "Polacktown."

Is it to be wondered at that people who form their opinions of the Catholic church from the actions and utterances of its prominent representatives, should be prejudiced against it by exhibition of intolerence and lack of appreciation of the rights and privileges of those who do not agree with them, such as are given in the above extracts? What would the Michigan Catholic say, should one of the priests of its church be driven from a room he had rented and paid for, in the Protestant section of Detroit? What did it say when William O'Brien, the Irish editor, was mobbed in Toronto and Kingston by the friends and partisans of Lord Lansdowne, Governor General of Canada? Its indignation knew no bounds, and its denunciation of the Canadians who sought to prevent Mr. O'Brien from attacking the personal character of the Governor General were extremely bitter. We deemed the attacks on Mr. O'Brien a crime against free speech, and so expressed ourselves at the time. We believe the attack of the Catholic Poles on the representatives of the Detroit Baptist church to have been made without cause, actuated entirely by bigotry and prejudice, and judged as an offense against free speech and personal rights it was a crime compared to which the O'Brien mobs were quite respectable. If the Poles have been Catholics for a thousand years and have yet to learn that religious zeal is not best displayed by attempting to kill the man who teaches in opposition to their belief, it would seem to be about time they give some other church a hearing. We have no desire to hold the Priests or teachers of the Catholic church responsible for the lawless deeds of their most ignorant and ungovernable classes, but we do believe that such acts of violence and disorder when directed against a Protestant preacher, should be as quickly and sharply condemned by the Bishop and Priests of Detroit as when directed by the same classes against themselves. If, however, the tone of the Michigan Catholic be taken as an indication of the position the church authorities toward such exhibitions of intolerence and bigotry, we may be led to infer that they regard it as a fit subject for jests and ridicule.

Saved by Oil.

A WRECK on Sable Island deserves attention because of its bearing upon a problem now deeply interesting seafarers the world over. It happened in 1846, and Superintendent Darby is our authority. A wild gale had suddenly sprung up, and he and his men were patrolling the beach, when they descried a large schooner running right down before the storm dead on to the lee shore. The sea was breaking everywhere as far as the eye could reach, and it seemed impossible for any vessel to live in it for a moment; yet on the schooner came, passing breaker after breaker uninjured, the extraordinary thing being that, although the huge waves raised their curled heads almost to the top of her masts, and the fall of any of them upon her deck would have crushed her like an egg shell, not one seemed permitted to touch her. On the contrary, as if by a miracle, the sea became smooth ere it reached her, and she left a shining track behind. After some minutes of thrilling suspense, she was hurled high and dry upon the beach, and every one of her crew rescued uninjured.

Then came the explanation of the strange phenomenon which had so mystified Superintendent Darby. Two large casks filled with fish oil had been lashed in the fore rigging, and, securely lashed beside them, two of the strongest sailors in the crew, with long wooden ladles in hand, had been throwing the oil high up in the air, where it was caught by the wind and carried far to leeward in advance of the vessel, spreading over the sea with such effect that, while it was raging, pitching and breaking all about her, not a barrel of water fell upon the Arno's deck. I believe this may with safety be claimed as one of the earliest recorded instances of the practical application of oil to the troubled waters.—Scribner's Magazine.

Care of the Kerosene Lamp.

Why does oil stink in use in the lamps? you ask. I will tell you, if you would like to know. Now, with the best oil that is made you can produce a gas in your house that will make the atmosphere as disagreeable as it is unhealthy. In all lamps, where proper and complete combustion is maintained, there is no perceptible odor from any quality of oil sold in the market. But the trouble is, when people want to leave a house or a room for a time and keep a light burning, they turn down the wick. This is done for economy in most instances, but there is not only no economy in it, as I shall show you, but there is also danger to health and life. Now, when you light a lamp, there is at first a time when the flame will not burn high without smoking; but after the lamp and chimney are properly heated and a full supply of oil is established through the capillaries of the wick a strong flame can be maintained. Now if, with this supply established, we turn down the wick, while there is a limit to the flame of the wick, owing to its decrease of burning surface, the supply of oil continues in the same ratio, what is not consumed in the flame being volatilized into gas, which is carried out with the ordinary products of combustion into the air of the room, vitiating it and making it very unhealthy to breathe.

Now here, in my opinion, is the basis of lamp explosions, and if the proper proportion of atmospheric air gets into a chimney, or is blown into it, an explosion is sure to result. In my opinion, most of the explosions of lamps, so called, occur by explosions in the chimneys. A lamp should never be turned down. It should never be put out by blowing down the chimney. It can be easily extinguished by simply blowing across the top of the chimney, and a very little practice will show that this is the easiest and best way. After blowing out, the wick should be turned down inside the tube, to prevent the oil flowing over. A close attention to the methods I have indicated will, I am sure, prevent most, if not all, the accidents from explosions of kerosene oil, and save many lives, as well as many thousands of dollars' worth of property every year.—Boston Herald.

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The Ypsilantian.

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Malice has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low;
Envy, too, has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low;
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When we may love with never a fear.
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.
—After Catullus.

A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S LIFE.

The Perilous Duty of Caring for a Beacon Light—A Stormy Night.

The duty of a keeper of one of these great beacon lights is not arduous, but sometimes it is attended with considerable danger. Owing to the great height of the tower, and the peculiarly exposed condition, there is always the chance of its being destroyed by a fierce hurricane of wind and rain. During a dark, stormy night in April, 1854, the Minot's Ledge lighthouse, near Boston, was thus destroyed by the combined action of wind, rain and the heavy sea. The lighthouse was a skeleton iron structure, situated on a ledge of rock, which at low water is entirely bare, but at high tide several feet of water covers it. At an unknown hour of the night the iron posts snapped in two and the lighthouse toppled over into the restless sea.

The keeper's house on the iron towers is usually situated near the top of the lighthouse, just under the great revolving lamp. A strong platform is constructed on the top series of braces and an octagonal structure of wood then built, perforated on each side by window holes. This small structure acts as a storehouse for the oil and other apparatus connected with the lighthouse and as a living place for the keeper. It is made as small as practicable so as to offer the least amount of resistance to the wind. The small cupola above this building, where the great reflector is situated, is reached by a winding iron staircase. To keep the lamp in good condition for performing its proper work requires cleaning every day. The keeper, in addition to trimming the wicks and replenishing the vessel with oil each morning, has to oil the revolving apparatus and see that the glass globe and reflector are clean and clear of smoke. Before darkness settles over the land the lamp must then be lighted and the machinery set in operation.

If it is an exceptionally stormy night the great illuminating apparatus must be constantly watched, lest some accident should extinguish the light. The glass globe is, of course, very thick and strengthened by heavy brass braces; but even with this precaution many incidents are known where the glass panels have been blown in by the force of the wind and hail, and the light extinguished at once. The experiences of a keeper on a dark stormy night are not always agreeable. The wind blowing up from some rough quarter of the globe, sweeps across the sea with alarming rapidity, lashing the water into light foam, and moaning fitfully about the tall tower. At a height of 100 feet from the surface of the sea it attains a speed equal to that of a small hurricane, and, when it strikes the glass globe of the lighthouse, it whistles in and out among the iron braces as though it would tear them from their sockets. If the wind is accompanied by rain and hail the wildness of the scene is increased. The glass is thick and strong enough usually to resist the force of the frozen drops of water; but the noise made by the constant pattering of the descending hail on it is louder than if it were falling upon some hard metal or stone. At such a time it would be a dangerous risk to venture out on the platform surrounding the big light, even though clinging to the stout iron railing for support. As the lighthouses are arranged at the present day, there is no need of the keeper attempting such a feat, as the lamp and all pertaining to it can be reached from the inside.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Very Few Fat Villains.

It's a peculiar thing that there are so few fat villains in history or romance. Now, I can't remember one except Fosco, in the "Woman in White." People take their ideas of character from the physiognomy and physique of certain characters, historical or imaginary, and as Shakespeare pictures jovial Jack Falstaff as fat, so every fat man is prejudged as a good natured, rollicking blade, with no guile in him. All villains I've seen on the stage have been thin, but I aver that a man may be fat and be a villain. All stage lawyers are generally represented as lean, clammy and cadaverous, yet only the poor lawyers are thus. Any man who walks with an erect carriage and expanded chest is put down at sight by the general run of people as proud and egotistic, but there's just as much egotism in little, dumpy men. I know poets who don't wear long hair, and preachers who don't wear long faces. People have formed their ideals of certain phases of character and appearance from early impressions of individuals who had, or were supposed to have, the character, and they never changed it. I insist that all conspirators are not lean, like Guy Fawkes, and that the public should be warned not to put too much faith in these old beliefs, as fat conspirators are dangerous from the very freedom from suspicion which they enjoy.—Globe-Democrat.

The Autocrat and the Baron.

Oliver Wendell Holmes gives the Atlantic a very interesting account of a visit which he paid to Tennyson. He says that he saw the poet to the best advantage under his own trees and walking over his own domain. "I am sorry," he writes, "that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat some of his own lines to me. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself." Others who have heard the poet laureate repeat his own verses say that he does so in a sort of rhythmical chant, his voice maintaining a full, rich monotone, and seldom rising very much. In later years he has rid himself of the inharmonious "falling inflection."

The first iron boat is thought to have been built in 1777 on the River Foss, in Yorkshire. It was fifteen feet long and made of sheet iron.

A French art journal states that there are in France alone 22,357 painters, and that of that number 12,000 have had opportunities of displaying their works at exhibitions.

Meissonier has been greatly stirred by the revelations of instantaneous photography, and in his new water color repetition of the Stewart "1807," is said to have tried to correct what now seems to him faulty action in his horses.—Frank Leslie's.

IN A FRENCH PAWNSHOP.

Going Through the Whole Experience of Pledging—Proving One's Identity.

A person curious to see something of the working of the Paris Mont de Piete can do so without pawning any of his property. He can mingle with the crowd whom necessity or vice has brought there without risk of being questioned by officials or being stared at inquisitively, for every one is too intent upon his own business to give any thought to others. But to obtain a vivid impression of the different circles of this inferno it is necessary to go through the whole experience of pledging and redeeming. No one who did this once could possibly wish to repeat the experiment. The lazar house or the prison can alone offer a parallel to the depressing influences of the Mont de Piete.

We will take for illustration the one in the Rue Bonaparte, which is an offshoot to the parent house in the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, but which is itself vast enough to quarter a large body of soldiers. It is entered from the street by an archway, over which hangs a dirty tricolor. A sentry is also posted as a further token of authority. The passage leads to a court surrounded by buildings which are the offices and storehouses of the Mont de Piete. Those who come to pledge single out the door on which the word "Engagements" is painted. It leads to a low room, so dimly lighted that on entering the details cannot be distinctly seen. The floor is paved with tiles and the walls and ceiling are almost black with dirt. The air is dense, stifling and malodorous. There are twenty or thirty people waiting here—some standing, others sitting upon benches placed against the walls. All are silent, or they speak under their breath. At least half of them belong to what may be termed the respectable working class; others wear all the signs of abject misery and vice; others, again, belong to the impenetrable, well dressed class, respecting whose position in life only guesses can be made.

At the opening through which comes the glare of the lamp is a counter, toward which people make their way as they enter. On the other side of it a man in a blouse appears every few minutes, takes a bundle or a box that has been placed on the counter, gives a metal number in exchange for it, and disappears. The person who has given up the article he has come to pledge waits attentively until he hears his number called out by somebody whom he does not see, but who is on the other side of a wooden partition that serves for one of the walls of the room. At the same time this official calls out the amount which the Mont de Piete is prepared to lend upon the article or articles which correspond to the number. The owner sometimes grumbles at the sum offered, but the almost invariable reply is "Bien, monsieur." The functionaries do not condescend to bargain with the crowd in the waiting room, whom they treat as if they were paupers applying for relief.

The sum having been agreed to, it may be supposed that the money is then paid over the counter and the business ended. Not at all; such a plain and straightforward proceeding would be contrary to the most sacred traditions of French official practice. Much formality has to be gone through and much writing to be done before the transaction is complete. Meanwhile the applicant has to wait half an hour or even an hour, if there are many people before him, until he hears his number called out again. He now pushes open a swinging door in the wooden partition, and follows a railed passage which brings him into the presence of two surly clerks sitting behind a counter. One asks questions and makes entries in a huge book, and the other fills up the pawn tickets, which are sheets of paper closely printed and written over, and pays the money. The applicant must state his name, address and profession. Then he must show papers to prove that he is telling the truth. If it should happen that he has not brought with him the receipt for the last rent he paid, or some other document to prove his identity, he is sent away without the money.—St. James' Gazette.

Newspapers for the Czar.

So nervous and irritable has the czar become that the causes of his troubles must never be mentioned to him in any way. In order to obey his wishes in this respect, the very newspapers he reads have to be specially prepared. He now receives no other papers but those expressly printed for him: the veriest penny magazines of old, containing at best a few inoffensive dispatches, the rest being made up of society gossip and theatrical notes, with at best a leader or two thrown in, recounting the blessings of his autocratic government, without an over strict adherence to truth in their enumeration. The editor of this special sheet, to which the czar is the only subscriber, and which appears in a single number, saw no harm in inserting the reports of the festivities on the occasion of Emperor William's ninetieth anniversary, which caused the czar to exclaim sadly: "I shall never live to reach fourscore years and ten, and have the benediction of millions of my subjects showered upon my head."—New York Tribune.

Unveiling an Indian Idol.

A rock which the Sioux Indians near Fort Yates, D. T., have worshiped for generations as the petrified form of a young squaw, was formally unveiled the other day and dedicated to peace and plenty. It appears that the white settlers in the vicinity have long supposed that this specimen of nature's art work exerted a restraining influence on the Indians, but of late the rock has been removed from its original resting place and it was feared that with its removal its charm had disappeared. So the suggestion was made to Sitting Bull that the statue be placed upon a permanent pedestal and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. This pleased the chieftain and 5,000 Indians assembled to take part in the strange medley of Christian and pagan rites by which the unveiling was accompanied.—Reno Gazette.

Leaders of Finny Tribes.

How much influence do fish exert on each other? W. A. Carter, in speaking recently on "Marine and Fresh Water Fishes," mentions a shoal of carp following a single one acting as a leader, which conducted them a long distance to a considerable amount of food. Trout sometimes seem to follow a leader which swims along at the head of a tribe. Both fresh water and salt water fish appear to show the same characteristic. Herring and bass have frequently been observed following an apparently chosen leader.—Chicago Tribune.

Safeguard Against Fire.

It is a common practice in France to coat the beams, the joists and the under side of the flooring of buildings with a thick coating of lime wash as a safeguard against fire. It is a preventive of prime ignition, although it will not check a fire when once under way.—Frank Leslie's.

Emperor William is reported as saying to a young officer: "It is the one button left unbuttoned which ruins an army."

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that Green's August Flower, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitations of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it. e

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to the sick and suffering, is Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work, finely illustrated. Send three 2 cent stamps, to pay postage, to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free. 923

MOST EXCELLENT.—J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial bottles free at Frank Smith's Drug Store. Large size $1.00. 3

A Strange Freak.

The wife of our esteemed citizen, Mr. John Rowell, while suffering under a severe attack of the blues, tried to commit the crime of infanticide, but was presented by the opportune arrival of a neighbor. Her case has been considered by the best doctors incurable, but her husband was highly pleased, after using a course of Sulphur Bitters, to find that she was entirely cured.—Kingston Herald. 923

The Homeliest Man in Ypsilanti as well as the handsomest and others call at our store and get free, a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for Troat and Lungs. It cures acute and chronic coughs. Price 50 cents and $1 00. Sold by Frank Smith, Druggist. 1

Fortify the system, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, against the diseases peculiar to hot weather. This medicine induces a healthy action of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, causing them to prevent the accumulation of the poisons which produce disease.

BRACE UP.—You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Frank Smith's Drug Store. 3

To most children, the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. When physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take. Try them.

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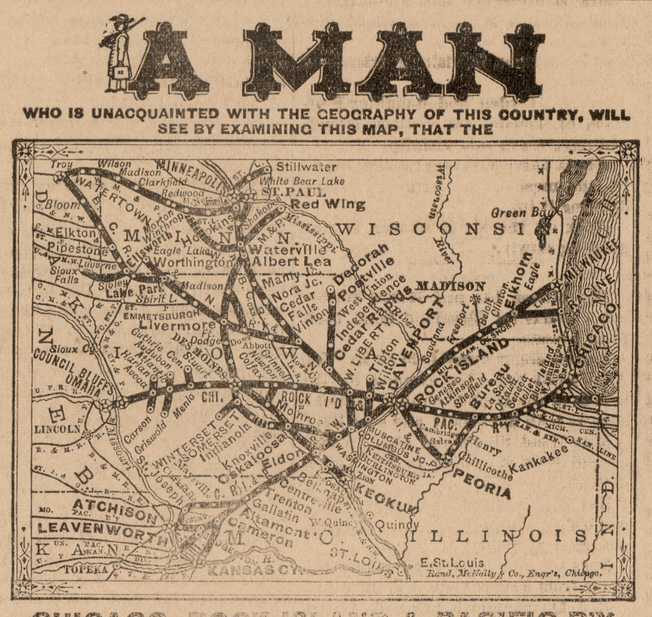

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MORTGAGE SALE—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the 17th day of April, A. D. 1880, and executed by Herbert C. Darling of Augusta, Washtenaw county, Michigan, to William B. Clark of Ypsilanti, Mich., and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the said county of Washtenaw in liber 53 of mortgages, on page 615, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1880, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of three hundred and forty-three dollars and forty-seven cents, principal and interest, beside a reasonable attorney fee of fifteen dollars; and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the same, or any part thereof. Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due as aforesaid, and the legal costs of sale, and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises described in, and covered by said mortgage, to wit: The northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty three in town four south of range seven east, will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder at the north front door of the court house in the city of Ann Arbor [that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Washtenaw is held] on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1887, at 10 o'clock, a. m. of said day.

Dated, Ypsilanti, Mich., April 19, 1887.

WILLIAM B. CLARK, Mortgagee.
F. HINCKLEY, Attorney. 38193

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Charles H. Niles to Benjamin F. Harris, dated December 15th, 1883, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, October 9, 1884, in liber 67 of mortgages, on page 4, which mortgage was duly assigned to Charles W. Alban and said assignment recorded in said Register's office, June 3, 1887, in liber 9 of assignments of Mortgages, on page 283, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney's fee, as provided for in said mortgage, one hundred and eighty-six dollars. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on the 16th day of September, next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at the southerly front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs, to wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Augusta, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: Lot number sixteen, according to the recorded plat of the village of Willis.

Dated, June 22, 1887.

CHARLES W. ALBAN,
Assignee of said mortgage.
D. C. GRIFFEN, Atty for Assignee. 39402

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by George Moffit and Tirzah Moffit to Adaline S. Markell, dated December 8th, 1881, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, December 9th, 1881, in liber 61 of mortgages, on page 374, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney fee, as provided for in said mortgage, one thousand twelve dollars and fifteen cents. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder on the 22d day of July next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at the southerly front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs, to wit: Those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the township of Augusta, Washtenaw county, Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six, and the south sixty acres of the east half of the south east quarter of section twenty-six.

Dated, April 26th, 1887.

ADALINE S. MARKELL,
D. C. GRIFFEN, Mortgagee.
Attorney for Mortgagee. 8294

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the sixth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Lambert A. Barnes, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Jane G. Barnes, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself and Thomas Ninde, or some other suitable person or persons. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the first day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the fornoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE YPSILANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
[A true copy] Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register. 39294

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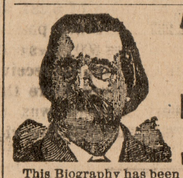

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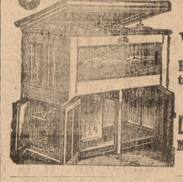

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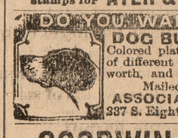

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, . MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

THERE is now outstanding but $8,234,-050 of the 3 per cent. bonds, all of which have been called.

A PRINTER up in Canada is said to be 103 years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.

COMMENCEMENT day at Chautauqua is Aug.17, when about 5,000 diplomas will be awarded. About 1,000 of the class will be present in person.

THE Piute population in Nevada has increased nearly 2,000 since the census of 1880. On that date it was 7,700. It is estimated now at 9,200.

MISS. MILLIE E. FOLSOM, a near relative of the President's young wife, has been chosen preceptress of the Brookings (D. T.) Agricultural College.

THE Board of Trustees of the Volunteer Soldiers' National Homes at their session in Boston decided to locate a site in California for the next home.

BY THE ditching of the west-bound fast express on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad at Leon Station, Ky., eight persons were injured, some fatally.

THE decrease of the national debt in June was about $16,450,000, which makes the total reduction of the debt during the fiscal year about $109,300,000.

A REPORT is current that Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President, has under consideration a liberal offer from the publishers of a magazine, for a short story.

PETER BARLI, who is said to have fought under General George Washington during the revolutionary war, died recently in Demarara, West Indies, aged 130 years.

POSTMASTER Graff, of Carson, recently received a letter with the request that he "hand it to any person who has hog cholera in his family." It has not yet been delivered.

McHUGH and Cleary, attendants in the Ward's Island Insane Asylum at New York, have been indicted for causing the death of a patient named George Farrish by brutal treatment.

PROF. CROUCH, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," has been elected a Fellow in the London Society of Arts, Letters and Science. He is living quietly and happily in Baltimore, and has reached his 87th birthday.

THE United States pays every year for cigars and cigarettes $186,500,000 and $20,000,000 for tobacco smoked in pipes. To this it adds the cost of chewing tobacco, $50,000,000, bringing the entire tobacco bill for the year up to $256,500,-000.

THE Wesleyan Missionary society has been in existence for 100 years. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne fifty years ago it had 51 missionaries in foreign lands; now it has 324. Then it had 51 Sunday-school teachers and local preachers; now it has 3,651.

LORD HARINGTON, in a public address, has challenged Mr. Gladstone to have the proceedings of the liberal cabinet in 1885 on the Irish question published. This in response to recent statements by the G. O. M. regarding the cabinet differences of that year upon this subject.

JAMES WORKMAN, of Pittsburg, Pa., died the victim of a cruel practical joke. He was celebrating the Fourth with his friends, some of whom thought it would be an immense thing to put croton oil in his liquor. They did so, and he became violently ill, and never rallied. The jokers will be arrested.

THE people of this country spend annually over $2,000 000 for singing birds. All the warbling in Italian and German from behind the footlights does not equal in cost, therefore, the twittering of the feathered pets in their glided cages. Nearly half a million birds are imported into this country every year.

DR. MARVIN GREEN, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad, draw $50,000 a year. The best-paid minister in New York is Dr. John Hall, who preaches to $200,000,000 every Sunday. His salary is $20,000, and he writes $5,000 more.

WHEN are we old? Prof. Faraday holds that the duration of life in man and animal is five times the period of growth; man's growth requires twenty years; he should, therefore, under ordinary circumstances, live to be 100; infancy extending to the 20th year; youth to the 50th, when the tissues become firm; virility to 75, and old age from 75 to 100.

A CHINAMAN is stated to have discovered that cast-off horseshoes make a good cutler's steel. The wrought iron on the shoes having been constantly hammered acquires the hardness of steel. It is also supposed that the animal heat of the hoof has something to do with it. The metal is said to be good for the manufacture of knives and sword blades.

MRS. CLEVELAND, or "Donna Frances," as she is now popularly called, receives daily a most voluminous mail. Strange as it may seem, many of her letters relate to public business. Such communications are at once turned over to Col. Lamont. She is importuned for money, for influence, for offices, and is even asked to obtain pensions for mutilated heroes.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND writes few letters and dictates none. His public papers he writes with his own hand. He uses a stub pen and a cork pen holder, and in reading or writing wears spectacles with a black steel frame. He shaves himself every morning. He usually wears a black Prince Albert coat and black trousers, except in summer, when he wears a blue flannel or serge suit with sack coat. He wears a 7½ hat.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Hamell's yarn mills at Germantown, N. Y., were burned Monday morning, the loss being $35,000.

A spark from a locomotive at Youngstown, Ohio, set fire to six houses, and the families barely escaped.

The large mineral-water and bottling establishment of Pomey & Segelke was destroyed by fire in Omaha, Neb. The building also contained a large stock of supplies, ten delivery wagons, and harness for thirty horses. The loss is estimated at $28,000. Insurance, $22,000.

The town of Hurley, Wis., has been visited by a destructive conflagation accompanied by loss of life. The fire originated on the stage of the notorious Alcazar Theatre and from ten to twelve of its inmates perished in the flames. Nearly all the remaining business portion of the city was wiped out entailing a loss of nearly half a million dollars.

The fire losses for June foot up $10,-182,100—nearly $4,000,000 greater than the average for June in the past ten years.

The fire in the citadel at Quebec Thursday night caused a loss of $150,000, with no insurance.

The lumber yards of B. and J. Gadkins at Tonawanda, N. Y., were destroyed by fire Thursday night. The loss is estimated as high as $250,000, with $100,000 insurance.

Cowhick & Whitcomb's dry goods store at Cheyenne, Wy. T., was burned early Wednesday morning. The total loss is $140,000, with insurance aggregating $121,000.

CASUALTIES.

During a race at Brighton Beach, a small dog dashed across the track, causing the filly Jessie to swerve and fall, Wandermont and Phomose falling over her. The jockey Chandler escaped with a severe shock, but Kerber had his right arm broken, and Harris was probably fatally injured, his tongue being nearly cut off, and was hanging out of his mouth when picked up.

Particulars of the iron mine disaster at Sturgeon River, Mich., disclosed that five of the men were drowned and three suffocated from the breaking in of water.

The steamer Merrimack, from Halifax for Boston, went ashore on Little Hope island, some miles off Liverpool, N. S. The passengers, 100 in number, were all got ashore safely, and taken to the main land in sailing crafts. The vessel will be a total loss. The Merrimack has a miscellaneous cargo. She is a new iron steamer of over two thousand tons.

The sloop-yacht Mystery capsized off Barron Island and only thirteen of the forty souls on board were rescued.

Cockburn Island, in Lake Huron, is scourged by an epidemic resembling diphtheria. Nine deaths in three days are reported.

A mine near Escanaba, Michigan, was flooded, owing to the failure of the pumping apparatus, and eight operatives were drowned.

At Portage, Wis., Mrs. Patrick Riley lit the fire with kerosene. The explosion burned the woman so badly that she died in a few hours, and her husband was also badly burned. The house and its contents were burned.

Gabriel Grobe, a Finlander employed in the Burless mill at Marquette, Mich., fell against a circular saw and was cut in two diagonally from the hip to the left shoulder, the heart being severed.

Mark Shannon, the Painesville, Ohio, sculptor, was instantly killed at Erie, Pa., Wednesday, by falling from the roof of the new government building.

Near Bessemer, Mich., on the night of the Fourth, the regular passenger train to Milwaukee, on the Wisconsin Central, was crowded with people and the conductor found it necessary to stop the train in order to collect fares. While the train was at a standstill a wild engine and caboose ran into the rear sleeper, setting fire to it and throwing several coaches from the track. Some of the passengers and trainmen succeeded in extinguishing the fire in the sleeper before the flames could spread to the coaches. Several passengers and trainmen were hurt by the collision.

By a collision on the Maine Central Road, at Farmindale Siding, three persons were seriously injured.

Six buildings at Alfred Center, N. Y., including a hotel and the postoffice, were burned Tuesday morning. The loss is $40,000.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

In a shooting malee between a band of Indians camped near St. Louis, and whites, two of the Indians were seriously if not fatally wounded. Three of their number have been locked up.

Near Wabash, Ind., Miss Mary Wagner, a popular young lady, died from an itinerant practitioners treatment. The alleged doctor has disappeared.

In the Chicago boodle trial Judge Jamison "excused" the three jurors, Tate, Ostrander, and Parks, against whom State's Attorney Grinnell filed charges.

The excitement in Perry county, Ind., over the flight of Hinton Miller, County Treasurer, who absconded recently owing the county $40,000 and individuals $10,-000 more, has been increased in the flight of Prosecuting Attorney Vance. Vance has been detected in bribing jurors. Vance was highly respected. He leaves a small family.

The Supreme Court of Missouri Thursday refused a rehearing in the case of Brooks, alias Maxwell, who murdered C. A. Preller, and set Aug. 26 as the day for his execution. An appeal for a writ of error will now be made to some United States judge.

At Jonesboro, Ark., a stranger got off the west-bound train and walking up to a small crowd of people fired three shots, killing one man and fatally wounding another. The man was captured. He is believed to be an escaped lunatic.

It having been charged by States Attorney Grinnell that certain of the jurors sworn in the Chicago boodle cases are too intimately connected with the defendants, a re-examination of the suspected jurors was ordered by the judge.

Another fire at Clarendon, Pa., Wednesday, destroyed the tanks and derricks of the Anchor Oil Company, Brown Brothers, and C. W. Duffield. One of the victims burned expired, and the charrrd remains of an unknown man were found. Mahoney, the hotel-keeper, has been held for trial for arson and murder.

INDUSTRIAL.

Thirty Canadians were prohibited from working on the Grand Trunk Road at Port Huron, Mich., Monday by the United States Collector of Customs.

The brewer's union at Cincinnati, numbering between 600 and 800 men, have been suspended from the Knights of Labor for insubordination. They refused to pay the monthly assessment for the general fund.

A Uniontown, Pa., special says that the meetings held by the striking cokers throughout the region during the last forty-eight hours indicate that they are still determined to stand out for the advance.

The new constitution of the Knights of Labor is said to be distasteful to many members and that several Assemblies will refuse to work under it.

The trouble between the Chicago master masons and bricklayers has finally been adjusted by arbitration.

It is expected that the coke workers of Pennsylvania will resume operatoins in a few days. Representatives of 8,000 strikers have decided to return to work if the operators agree to a sliding scale.

The National rubber works, Bristol, R. I., on account of the large amount of manufactured goods on hand, has suspended work for an indefinite period. Twelve hundred operatives are thus thrown out of work.

Crop reports from every county in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio show that the average yield of wheat in Indiana and Illinois is thirteen bushels an acre and in Ohio twelve. The yield of oats is thirty-three bushels an acre in Indiana, thirty-five in Illinois, and thirty-four in Ohio. The condition of corn in Indiana and Ohio is 94 per cent. of last year's crop, and in Illinois 93. The area of wheat in Indiana and Illinois is 93 per cent. and in Ohio 98.

WASHINGTON.

The President, Mrs. Cleveland, and Col. Lamont have left Washington to visit Miss Cleveland at Holland Patent, N. Y.

An extensive system of frauds upon the government, involving wholesale forgery and perjury, has been unearthed in the horse-claims division of the office of the third auditor of the treasury. They were conceived and carried out by Oscar J. Harvey, late chief of the division. Harvey has been dismissed from the service. He has made a full confession.

Solicitor-General Jenks says the chances are in favor of Secretary Lamar receiving the appointment to succeed Justice Woods on the United States Supreme Bench if he wants it.

The State Department at Washington has been informed that deaths from cholera occurred Wednesday at Palermo, the capital of the Island of Sicily.

It is stated in Washington that the President has wholly abandoned his contemplated western trip.

President Cleveland has written a letter to the mayor of St. Louis withdrawing his acceptance of an invitation to attend the National G. A. R. reunion in that city. He says his presence might be productive of discord and unpleasantness, and expresses his regrets.

It is rumored at Washington that Colonel Morrison will resign from the interstate commerce commission to make another race for congress in his old district.

The wooden man-of-war Iroquois, third rate, commanded by Richard P. Leary, at Panama, May 27, has been ordered to the navy yard at Mare island for inspection, and will probably be condemned. It is said that her deck and deck beams are so rotten that the pivot gun aft cannot be used, and the forward pivot gun cannot be fired.

A commission has been appointed by the Postmaster General to adjust and equalize the compensation of postoffice clerks throughout the country.

POLITICAL.

Leaders of the Henry George or United Labor party are making a house-to-house canvass in New York, and they claim to have sufficient membership—75,000—to carry that city in the next election.

Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, while in New York, predicted the renomination by acclamation and re-election of President Cleveland.

A Cincinnati special says: The Republicans of Kenton county, Kentucky, which includes the City of Convington, Speaker Carlisle's home, have indorsed the entire county ticket of the United Labor party. Speaker Carlisle and other prominent men have been summoned home to take part in the Democratic State canvass.

W. H. Bailey, of the executive board of the Knights of Labor, says the ticket nominated by the Ohio Labor Party is virtually a Greenback ticket, and he expects that it will be well supported by the farmers.

At San Francisco Wednesday a new American party was born in a secret session of Californians. Among other things called for in the platform are: Unconditional repeal of the naturalization laws, modification of immigration laws, prohibition of alien land holding, and no interference by any church with the American school system.

The labor party of Ohio has nominated John Seity, of Tiffin, for governor, and a full ticket.

SPORTING NOTES.

League ball games Monday resulted: Washington, 12; Chicago, 4. Pittsburgh, 3; New York, 2. Philadelphia, 8; Indianapolis, 6. Rain at Boston.

The following is the standing of the League July 9th.

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Detroit	56	40	16	.714
Chicago	54	34	20	.629
Boston	57	34	23	.596
New York	60	33	27	.550
Philadelphia	58	26	32	.464
Pittsburg	53	21	32	.396
Washington	51	18	33	.352
Indianapolis	57	17	40	.297

League ball games Friday resulted: Chicago, 5; Philadelphia, 3. Detroit, 8; New York, 6. Pittsburg, 4; Boston, 2. Indianapolis, 10; Washington, 1.

League ball games Thursday resulted: Chicago, 5; Philadelphia, 3—Indianapolis, 5; Washington, 2—Boston, 17; Pittsburg, 6—New York, 10; Detroit, 8.

In a race between the yachts Titania and Shamrock off Sandy Hook Thursday, the Shamrock, when leading about half a mile, had her topmast carried away and then gave up the contest.

The only league game of ball played Wednesday was between the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh team, won by the former, 9 to 2.

Winners of the Niagara Falls races were Lansdowne, Ligan, Nettie and Cyclone. Of Twin City trots, James G., and McLeod. Of Council Bluffs events Little Ida, Earl McGregor, and Duplex. Of Galesburgh races Ida and Dago. Brighton Beach races went to Rebel Friend, Billy cock, Young Duke, Ferg Kyle, Daily Oak, and Sam Brown.

The four-oared barge-race between the Cornell and Bowdoin crews, rowed on Lake Quinsigamond at Worcester, Mass., was won by the former.

At Springfield, Ohio, July 4, William Muldoon and the Jap, Matsada Sorakichi, wrestled three bouts, Græco-Roman style, at the fair grounds for a purse of $500. Nearly 4,000 people witnessed the match. Muldoon was declared the victor, winning the first and third bouts in 8 and 7 minutes respectively. The Jap won the second in 4½ minutes.

League ball games Tuesday resulted: Chicago, 15; New York, 3. Indianapolis, 5; Washington, 3. Detroit 16; Boston 8. The standing of the League Clubs July 6th was as follows:

GENERAL.

Earthquake shocks were felt Monday morning at Rollingsford, Somersworth, and Barrington, N. H.

Queen Kapiolani, of the Sandwich islands, arrived at New York from Europe, Monday, and received the news of the Honululu "revolution" with equanimity. Her saffron majesty will leave for the islands in a day or two.

A sensational story is published in the New York papers of the wife of a leading sugar merchant, residing on Fifth avenue, who was supposed to have died from heart disease, recovering as her body was about to be incinerated.

Sheriff James H. White, of El Paso, Texas, publicly caned E. R. Fox, a prominent stone mason and contractor, in reply to a challenge Fox sent him.

The Kansas river recently assumed a dark green color throughout its length, to the great dismay of the people living on its banks, who are reminded by old settlers that the phenomenon was last witnessed in the "cholera" year of 1855. It is said that many boys have been made ill by bathing in the river since it assumed the emerald hue, and the residents of the Kaw Valley fear that an epidemic is impending.

Natural gas experts are convinced, by recent experiments, that the northern limit of the Indiana gas-field has been reached at Lafontaine, ten miles south of Wabash, where there is a daily flow of 11,-000,000 feet.

Since the outbreak of yellow fever at Key West there have been eighty-three cases of the disease, twenty-seven of which resulted fatally. Thirty-three cases are now under treatment.

A strong flow of natural gas has been struck on the Kanawha river eight miles from Charleston, West Virginia.

FOREIGN.

All men on furlough on South Russia have been ordered to rejoin their colors.

The expected revolution in the Hawaiian Kingdom has occurred. The Hawaiian Ministry has been turned out of office by the angry populace and Premier Gibson and his son-in-law arrested. Kalakana is permitted to remain on the throne but merely as a figurehead, as he is divested of all power.

The British Government has allowed the Sultan five days longer in which to consider his ratification of the Egyptian convention.

Thousands of lives are reported lost by a flood in the Wouchow river, in China. Chin-Choo city is submerged, and the population has taken en masse to boats.

The ameer of Afghanistan has nailed to the Candahar gate, underneath the koran, a proclamation offering a free pardon and the remission of two years' taxes to all rebels who surrender.

The order forbidding the exportation of horses from Germany has been recinded, and a similar order issued by the Austro-Hungarian government is to be revoked.

Skagefjord, Iceland, is stricken with famine. Many peasants and thousands of cattle are said to have perished, and the distress is increasing.

Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was elected prince of Bulgaria by the sobranje. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm.

A landslide carried forty houses in lake Zug, Switerland. One hundred persons perished.

Arrangements are making for the celebration at Genoa of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. All the States of America will be invited to participate.

Twenty-seven men were killed and forty-eight injured by the premature explosion of a dynamite cartridge during a drill of sappers at Jasz-Bereny, Hungary.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice to Prime	$ 4.10	@ 4.45
Good Shipping	3.90	@ 4.30
Common	3.75	@ 4.20
HOGS—Shipping Grades	4.85	@ 5.05
FLOUR—Extra Spring	4.25	@ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	69	@ 78½
CORN—No. 2	37¾	@ 38
OATS—No. 2	25¼	@ 26⅛
POTATOES—New, per bu	90	@ 1.50
BUTTER—Choice Cream'y	16	@ 16½
Fine Dairy	13	@ 13
CHEESE—Full Cream Chd	8	@ 8½
Full Cream, new	8	@ 8¾
EGGS—Fresh	10	@ 10½
PORK—Mess	23.00	@23.60
NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$ 4.50	@ 5.20
HOGS	5.30	@ 5. 0
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	96½	@ 97
CORN—No. 2	47½	@ 47⅝
OATS—White	37	@ 41½
PORK—New Mess	15.50	@15.75
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$ 88	@ 88¼
CORN—Mixed	37	@ 37½
OATS—Mixed	27	@ 27¼
PORK—New Mess	15.00	@15.50
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No.2 Red	$ 87	@ 87
CORN—No. 2	40½	@ 41
OATS—No. 2	29½	@ 30
PORK—Mess	15.00	@15.50
HOGS	4.50	@ 5.00
DETROIT.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	$	88⅛
Michigan Red		89⅜
CORN		42
OATS—No. 2		30
No. 2 White		32½

UNION PACIFIC INQUIRY.

The Four Millions of Stock Used to Get the Pacific Bill Through Congress.

At Leavenworth, Kas., while Gen. James C. Stone was being examined as a witness before the committee he was shown a copy of a memorandum found among Gen. John C. Fremont's papers at the time the General went into bankruptcy, Hallett and Fremont having bought out Stone. This memorandum purported to account for the disposition of about $4,000,000 of the stock of the Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western Railroad by Gen. J. C. Stone and Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., to secure the passage of the Pacific Railroad bill. It gives the names of persons to whom its stock purported to have been issued, the original of the memorandum containing running comments in the handwriting of this witness to the several items. When asked as to these comments he testified that he wrote them as the expression not of himself but of Sam Hallett or others who were interested. In this memorandum opposit to "R. W. McBrathey, 2,000 shares," was the remark: "Supposed to be for Pomeroy." [Pomeroy was Senator from Kansas then.] Opposit the item, "Henry Bennett, Elmira, N. Y., 2,000 shares, $1,000,000" was the comment, "Supposed to be for H. Bennett, J. P. Usher, Caleb Smith, and B. Thompson," and the additional comment "Usher and Bennett right, let Smith and Thompson slide." Opposit the item, "E. W. Chase, Chaseville, N. Y.," was the comment "But little service, mostly blackmail." Opposit the item "J. F. Cowan, 3,900 shares, $195,000," was the remark, "Supposed to be for T. Stevens," and the additional remark, "If any of this stock, or land, or money promised this man is really for Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, that part ought to be respected." Opposit the item "Mrs. Wallis, of New York Herald, 400 shares, $20,000," was the word "Right." Opposit the item "Dewey, New York, 800 shares, $40,000," was the word "Blackmail." Opposit the item, "Wilson, New York Times, 200 shares, $10,000," was the word "Right." Opposit the item, "B. F. Camp, New York City, and others, $20,000," was the comment, "Cut Camp to the red; supposed to be for Carlisle of Virginia." Opposit the item "Jones, 100 shares, $5,-000," was the comment, "Supposed to be Forney's friend." Opposit the item "Ross, Fletcher, Holliday, and Stinson, Kansas, 2,400 shares, $120,000," was the comment, "Hold over them in terror."

The witness disclaimed any personal knowledge as to where this stock eventually got. He did not know personally that any of it had been given for the purpose of corrupting legislation. The R. W. Thompson alluded to was the "Dick Thompson," according to the testimony of this witness, who was afterwards Secretary of the United States Navy, and the Smith referred to was at one time Secretary of the Interior.

The services rendered by the Mr. Usher alluded to had been to explain the bill to members of Congress. Being a Western man he had had considerable influence.

CRIME QUICKLY AVENGED.

Peru, Ind,, the Scene of a Midnight Lynching.

At Peru, Ind., John Christianson, a Swede of Socialistic tendencies, shot and mortally wounded Dr. North, a prominent citizen. The shooting was done without the slightest provocation, and there was the most intense indignation. The popular feeling resulted in, the murderer being taken from jail by masked men and hanged.

Christianson held a grudge against his daughter-in-law, who was married, and whose money he desired to possess. He called her out of the house into the back yard and brutally assaulted her until assistance arrived, when he took to a shed close by, whence several shots were heard by passers. Among them was Dr. North, who, thinking the man had shot himself, opened the door, when the man fired, the ball penetrating in the region of Dr. North's heart. He was conveyed to the hospital close by. Dr. North is chief physician of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway Hospital at Peru, and a brother-in-law of Dr. Jackson, chief surgeon of the Wabash.

The Swede was arrested at once. An angry crowd soon gathered and loud threats were made, but the man was put in jail safely. As news of the shooting spread great crowds assembled and the utmost excitement prevailed. This was inflamed when it was reported from Dr. North's bedside that the injured man could not live. Rumors were heard during the evening that an organized effort was being made to lynch the murderer.

Christianson was taken from the jail at 11:30 and thence on a run down Broadway to a large iron bridge spanning the Wabash river, where he was hanged from an iron beam in the centre of the bridge at a quarter past 12. Twenty-two masked men came on a run to the jail door through the large crowd gathered there and in a thorough and systematic manner proceeded to batter down the wooden, then the two large iron doors leading to his cell, and then with a yell and a hurrah started down Broadway. It was exactly thirty minutes from the time they commenced until the wretch was dangling in mid-air. The first attempt he clutched the rope with both hands and raised himself up. He was then lowered and his hands tied. He was sprung up amid the yells of the people assembled, of whom there were fully 1,000. The only words he uttered were curses upon his avengers.

After the hanging the vigilantes marched in a body up the street and with a parting salute from their revolvers quietly dispersed. They were thoroughly organized and proceeded in a systematic manner about the business. The opinion generally is that he met his just deserts.

THE EARTH STILL SHAKING.

Advices from Bavispo, in Northern Mexico, state that Prof. T. S. Clarke is there under the auspices of the Hawaiian Government engaged in investigation of traces left by the earthquake of May 3 and the succeeding shocks. The damage to Bavispo is complete, not a house being left uninjured. The people of the ruined town, 800 in number, are living in rude shelter. One hundred and sixty-nine persons were buried in the ruins caused by the first shock.

Prof. Clarke is of the opinion that, with the exception of the week included between June 8 and 15, there has not been an appreciable interval of time when the earth has been at rest.

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

—Tuscola county will produce more than an average crop of wheat this year.

—The next meeting of the Gratiot County Teachers' association will be held at St. Louis next January.

—The state teachers' institute for Calhoun county will be held at St. John's during the week of August 29.

—Negotiations are pending for the removal of the plant of an extensive match factory from the east to East Saginaw.

—The store, packing-house, ice-houses, and stables of Burdick & Moore, burned. Loss, $9,000; insurance, $5,500.

—Caro's new city hall has reached the second story, and the citizens of that place begin to realize that it will be a handsome ornament.

—Two large new planing mills are being erected in East Saginaw. When completed the plaining mill capacity of the city will exceed 1,000,000 feet of lumber daily.

—Willard Fullman, one of the oldest and most highly respected pioneers of Oakland county, died at his residence in Holly, Thursday evening, aged 76 years.

—While riding a vicious colt at Vicksburg, Friday morning, Alfred Shaw was thrown off and kicked in the head, crushing his skull. He died from the injuries.

—The State Board of Health reports diptheria at sixteen places, scarlet fever at sixteen places, typhoid fever at five places, measles at fourteen places, and small-pox at Detroit.

—Alfred Shaw, while attempting to mount a wild colt near Vicksburg, was thrown to the ground, and the colt kicked him in the head, crushing his skull. He died soon after.

—A dozen or more mills on the Saginaw River are out of logs. Rafting progresses slowly, only 97,530,600 feet having been rafted by the Tittabawassee Boom Company up to last report.

—Mrs. George Harriger, living at Brady, took morphine soon after a cruel beating by her husband, and died the day following. The neighborhood is in a fever of excitement and a tragedy is feared.

—At Kingley, a German boy named Charles Geiger, aged 17, quarreled with his brother, George, and drew a revolver and shot George, probably fatally. Charles was just released from the reform school at Lansing.

—Four Englishmen named William Kellom, William Pengilly, James Vanderslyus, and Paul Hostaing were killed at the Vulcan mine at Norway by the collision of a train of ore cars with a cage in which they were coming out of the mine.

—J. M. Ashley, of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Railroad, has made several visits to East Saginaw lately. A movement is on foot to build a railroad from East Saginaw to Durand, and it is intimated that Mr. Ashley is interested in the project.

—Sheriff Lynch and a posse, of Alpena, arrested three desperadoes who proved to be the Cleveland fur robbers. Sheriff Lynch was shot in the leg, but not dangerously wounded. One of the prisoners tried to commit suicide soon after being captured.

—Joe Gibbons, 18 year old, of Charlotte, was dangerously injured by the premature explosion of an anvil at Portland, the 4th. He was merely looking on when the explosion occurred. Both legs were injured, one so badly that amputation may be necessary.

—Adrian, the celebration was marked by what bids fair to be a total shooting accident. Miss Hattie Harkins, daughter of a prominent business man, while practicing with a small rifle, shot past her mark, and the bullet struck Mrs. Hening, lodging in the umbilical region.

—The libel suit of Walter Screnlin against the Kalamazoo Publishing Company has been decided in the Circuit Court. "No cause of action" was the verdict, and the costs were taxed to the plaintiff. He wanted $10,000 because the Telegraph charged him with wife beating.

—A Finlander was arrested at Ishpeming and taken to the county jail on a charge of murder. Another Finlander preferred the charge, claiming to be a brother of the murdered man and that the deed was done Feb. 18 at Thurbersville, Pa. The man was arrested on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania.

—The Independence day celebration at Blissfield was marred by an accident, the counterpart of which occurred at Clayton about the same hour. Miss Alice Newton, of Hudson, was hit with a ball from a rifle, the missle passing through her right arm, and injuring her left arm, where it yet remains. The young lady's condition is critical.

—A Roscommon country farmer owns a rooster that chums with a big blacksnake. The two hunt together for their food and assist each other in securing it, frogs and insects being their particular prey, and the fowl doing most of the hard work. Whenever he runs across a particularly fine, fat frog he will strut about it, ruffle his feathers, and cluck in order to call his sinuous friend.

—A. Kirkpatrick, an employe of the Northwestern Railroad, returned to his home at Escanaba at 1 o'clock in the morning, unexpectedly, and found John Edwards in bed with his (Kirkpatrick's) wife. Kirkpatrick shot Edwards as he was going through a window, two balls lodging in the chest. He is now dying in the hospital. Kirkpatrick is in jail. All parties in the matter are well known. The affair causes great excitement.

—Both houses of the legislature adjourned sine die at noon, June 29th. All late bills to the governor have received his approval except three, which are pocket vetoed—one providing for the indeterminate sentencing of prisoners, one amending the act creating an advisory board of pardons, and one relating to probating wills of non-residents. All three named failed to become laws. The total number of bills passed during the session are 578 against 401 two years ago. Under the new law relating to official circuit court stenographers, the governor appointed Henry F. Walsh, of Grand Rapids, for the Kent county circuit; Charles Bender, of Allegan, for the Allegan and Kent circuit, and A. M. Haynes, of Bay City, for the Bay City and Saranac circuit.

—A conference of salt manufacturers not connected with the Michigan Salt Association was held at East Saginaw to consider the propriety of joining the association. Representatives of all the outsiders but one, at Manistee, the two concerns at Ludington, one from St. Clair and those on the river were present. No definite action was taken, but the sentiment was nearly unanimous in favor of joining the association. Only about 600,000 barrels were manufactured in the state last year that were not controlled by the association. The low price of salt and the interstate law are the chief factors of bringing about unity of manufacture. The product this year will exceed 4,000,000 barrels, and the stock of 1,6000,000 barrels in the hands of the association last January has decreased one half.

Russian Iron.

A romantic story was developed to-day by the initial steps of building a Russian iron mill at Freeport, a small town thirty miles north of Pittsburgh. The town's people donated the site and $3,000 to a firm to build there. One of the firm related the following story:

"This will be the first Russian-iron mill ever built outside of Siberia. An imitation of Russia iron has been made in this country for some time, but it is not impervious to rust. Imperviousness to rust is the crucial test of genuine Russia iron.

"There is a little history connected with the introduction of this industry into America. Few persons imagine what a risk was run in learning the secret of the treatment by which Russia iron is made. There are but three people outside of Russia to-day that know this secret. They are: Mr. William H. Rogers, his father, and his nephew. Mr. Rogers came into the possession of the secret in this way:

"About eighteen years ago he was sent out as Pennsylvania state geologist to Russia. He had credentials addressed to ex-Gov. Curtin, the minister at St. Petersburg at that time, and was received with great pomp and ceremony by Princess Demidoff, in whose Siberian mines he was ostensibly to carry on his geological investigations. The princess attended him in person on his long journey, five hundred miles into the Ural mountains, and treated the American geologist with all the imperial courtesy accorded to the most distinguished foreigner. The Russian nobles, too, took a great fancy to Mr. Rogers, and insisted that he should purchase a few million acres of land—in Siberia a million acres is but a trifle—and establish an American colony. Mr. Rogers said he hadn't the money.

"Oh, it won't take much,' they said; 'a few million dollars would answer the purpose.'

"The offer, however, was declined as politely as possible, without letting the nobleman know that it was altogether possible for a Pennsylvania state geologist to be as poor as the proverbial Job's turkey.

"As long as Mr. Rogers confined his explorations to the mines he attracted little or no suspicion, but as soon as he set foot inside the iron mills of Princess Demidoff he was subjected to the most vigilant espionage. It must be remembered that all the men in these mills who know the secret of making Russian iron are never allowed to quit the mines. It is difficult for Americans to understand how this is, but to any one who has seen the inside workings of such a despotic government as Russia's, the matter is perfectly plain. All who pass to and from Siberia are vised and vised again at a thousand different points, and the slightest suspicion is enough to warrant a traveler's detention. "One day Mr. Rogers was making an inspection of the iron mills, when he overheard one of the foremen say:

"That's a queer kind of a geologist, I have my suspicions about him.

"Mr. Rogers was not long in making his arrangements for bidding the delectable land of Siberia a final farewell. With the special study he has made of iron-making before going to Russia, he was not long in discovering the much-coveted secret, and came home delighted with his experience as a state geologist."

He Spoiled the Whole Thing.

He came into the club with a big scar on his nose and a bump very low down on his forehead.

"Prize fight?" I asked.

"No."

"Row?"

"No."

"Ran up against a street?"

"No. You're very inquisitive. Went to a fire, that's all."

"Did the hose strike you?"

"No. I got those scars saving a fellow's effects. There was a poor devil of a store-keeper being burned up. I made off to help him. The door didn't happen to be open, so I went through a panel of glass with my head, got in and saved his books."

"That was noble! He must have felt grateful.'

"Grateful be —. He asked me what in thunder I wanted to save his ledger for. Didn't I know any better? I didn't, and I guess he's my enemy for life."—*San Francisco Chonicle.*

A Woman's Device.

A novelist and his wife were relating some of their experiences with Boston help, and the tricks they had invented to escape bad results. Among them, the lady said: "My second girls have been a great trial with me, and if by chance I have a guest before a new girl is well broken in, I avoid disasters in this way. Our dining-room overlooks the Charles, and the view is beautiful. I place my guest opposite the window, and my place at the table faces the door. When I see anything coming in wrong, I kicked my husband under the table, or in some way attract his attention—he has had his cue and is on the lookout—and he directs the guest's attention to something out of the window, while I correct the servant. It works well Summer or Winter, for the lights of Cambridge are well worth a word or two when short days make it dark at dinner time, and there is only those to see."—*Boston Journal.*

MOTHER.

Who knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together,
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.

Who listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother,
Who's pained by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Who knows of the tender prayer?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Who knows of the patience sought?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather,
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.

Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.

—[Home Journal.

FELICIA.

CHAPTER II.

A feeling of delicacy prevented Tristram Pagett from entering the compartment in which the half-faint-girl was placed, and in consequence he almost lost the train, for the guard blew his whistle at the moment when the door closed.

Fortunately, Jasper—who had secured seats in a smoking-carriage—was on the look out for his friend, so holding open the door, he called out, in a loud voice.

Tristram heard him, and gained a footing on the step just as the train was put in motion.

"A narrow squeak that," laughed Jasper, as Tristam, out of breath, sat down opposite him; "I suppose it is lucky I got your ticket?"

"I made sure you would do that, old fellow."

"Well, my modern Don Quixote, just sooth yourself with a cigar."

"Don't be absurd."

"But if you will go about delivering defenseless maidens from grim wizards and enchanters, in the shape of London cab-men and railway inspectors, what other name will you earn? Either the one I have bestowed or a less flattering one. But tell me, how did you manage? Clever little adventuress, eh?"

"You are wrong, Jasper—her face bore upon it the stamp of truth!"

"Oh, yes! Lovely, I suppose?"

"Most beautiful!"

"Ha! ha! capital. The gallant knight loses his heart to the distressed damsel. Ha! ha! Why your cigar has gone out."

"You may laugh," replied Tristam. "I have always laughed at love, and especially love at first sight!"

"And now you are quite smitten. What fun! But now listen to me. You may depend upon it, the whole thing was a 'do', a regular swindle—perhaps even the cabman was a confederate, and the whole thing got up on the speculation that some spoony young fellow—no offense, you know—nothing personal—would come forward with the money. Bless you, such dodges are always being carried on in London. I have seen similar things scores of times."

The confident way in which his friend spoke made Tristam feel a little uncomfortable. But he relighted his cigar, and when he had taken half a dozen whiffs, he said:

"It may be you are right. But we stop ten minutes at Rugby; I shall get out there, and go and speak to her. Will you come with me."

"Not I. I have something better to do. I shall rush off direct to the refreshment-room, and so would you if you left home without a mouthful of breakfast as I did."

"I suppose the guns are safe?"

"Oh! yes. Jenks has charge of them."

And the two young men, who were on their way to a shooting-box in the Highlands, belonging to a mutual friend, became at once absorbed in discussing their prospects of enjoyment.

But not for one moment was the beautiful face of the stranger absent from the mental vision of Tristam; and when the train pulled up at Rugby Junction, he was the first to alight.

Disregarding a sarcastic observation from Jasper, who, true to his announced intention, darted off at full speed toward the refreshment-room, Tristam hastened to the fore part of the train.

The fair unkown was looking out of the carriage window, evidently in the expectation of seeing him, for a flush of pleasure came over her face and she gave him a charming little nod.

She had apparently recovered from the violent agitation which her adventure had caused her; and now that her features were composed, Tristam found that she was more beautiful than she had appeared when she first threw back her veil.

"I cannot find words to thank you," she said, in a clear, sweet voice; "but I hope you will allow some one else to express my gratitude. My father will be at Crewe to meet me——"

"Pray think no more about it," said Tristam hurriedly. I am, believe me, more than sufficiently repaid in the pleasure it has given me to render you some little service."

His words, uttered as they were with the deepest respect, were accompanied by so unmistakeable a glance of admiration, that the young girl lowered her glance, while a yet deeper red suffused her cheeks.

Not only was Tristam a more than usually handsome young Englishman, with a clear, honest face, bright eyes, and clustering rings of light brown hair, but he was distinguished by a particularly courtly and winning manner, which gained him favor wherever he went.

Under the circumstances, then, it was not wonderful that the young girl should feel an unusual fluttering at her heart.

The, to her, pleasant sounds of Tristam's voice recalled her to herself.

"The train stops here for a few minutes only," he said; "but still there will be time enough for me to be able to obtain you some refreshments, or anything else you may require."

"Thank you, very much!" she answered; "but I assure you I want nothing. All I ask is that, if you are going so far, you will let me see you at Crewe Station, and allow my father to thank you, and——"

"I am bound for the Highlands."

"Then I shall see you at Crewe?"

"I sha'l be most happy."

And indeed Tristam felt that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to become better acquainted with her.

"I keep asking myself," she said, 'what should I have done if you had not come forward as you did? I tremble even now at the thought. As I told you, I came direct from Paris in consequence of a telegram from home apprising me of an accident which had happened to my only brother. I started at once, accompanied only by my maid. The passage was a dreadful one, though I, as a good sailor felt but little inconvenience. On arriving at Dover, however, I found my maid so ill as to be quite unable to continue her journey. I could not stay there, so left her, with all the luggage, at the hotel, while I came on alone. My father always insists that I shall dress as plainly as possible when traveling and all my articles of value are in my jewel-case. I have not a single ring, or even my watch. My purse only contained as much money as was required for my traveling expenses, and what became of it is a mystery. I had it safely just before I reached Victoria Station, because I took my ticket from it. I hailed a cab, and then can you imagine my consternation when, on arriving at Euston, I found my money gone! and then the cabman was so rude and violent, and called me such dreadful names, that I could scarcely speak."

"I shall always esteem myself fortunate for yielding to the impulse which made me come forward to your assistance. I———"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but just before I saw you I thought I heard———"

The loud ringing of the bell prevented her from finishing her speech, and Tristam, flushed, fascinated and delighted, made a hurried bow, and sought his own compartment.

"Well," said Jasper, inquiringly, and placing a packet of sandwiches in the hands of his friend, "you have seen your little adventuress, of course? While you satisfy your appetite, you can tell me what you thought when you saw her again."

"Adventuress! She is no adventuress, and I will allow no such word to be applied to her. She is as true a lady as ever breathed."

"Ha! Ha!"

"You may laugh!"

"I shall! It amuses me. I suppose you will be telling me you have met your fate, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"She is most beautiful!"

"And you believe in her?"

"As firmly as in my own existence! She explained everything so simple and naturally, that her narrative carried conviction with it."

"She had plenty of time to prepare her part while we were running from Euston to Rugby. Pooh—pooh! Don't scowl like that! I'll drop the subject if you like. It is nothing to me."

"She is a lady!" cried Tristam, with much warmth; "and I will stake my life that every word she told me was the truth!"

"Quite gone! A hopeless case!" answered Jasper, with a mock commiseration, which was highly exasperating. Calm yourself, dear boy! and meanwhile I'll have a look at the *Graphic*."

Tristam took up the *Times*; but though he kept his eye fixed upon the print, he could see nothing but the beautiful unknown, and he waited with impatience for the arrival of the hour when the train was due at Crewe.

At length, as they slackened speed outside the station, Jasper put his hand on his friend's arm.

"You are not going after her again?"

"Of course I am."

"Then, joking apart, take an old friend's advice, and do not."

"Why?"

"Because of spoiling your romance."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, that is just what I call it! Now you have been letting your imagination run away with you for the last hour or more. You have been fancying all sorts of things. Don't run the risk of spoiling the illusion. Think what a shock it would be if you found the father a rough, uneducated fellow, whose first words would set your teeth on edge! Think of that, and be advised, and instead of wasting your time by going to the extreme end of the train, come with me and get a glass of sherry."

This advice met with the fate which usually attends good counsel; for, muttering something of an objurgatory character, Tristam sprang out and walked quickly along the platform.

On reaching the carriage, however, he found, to his vexation, that the young girl had left it; and he was just beginning to feel the uncomfortable misgivings which this occurrence and his friend's remarks were likely to induce, when he felt some one touch him on the arm.

Turning quickly he beheld a portly, middle-aged gentleman, who, grasping his hand warmly, said, in a voice of great emotion:

"God bless you, my boy, for the great service you have rendered my dear daughter, Felicia! You have acted nobly, sir; and though I cannot thank you, yet I shall be grateful to you all my life. I hope we shall be better acquainted," he continued, wringing Tristam's hand again; "and no matter what happens, I hope you will always look upon Egerton Park as your home, and count Sir George Egerton your best friend! I don't know who you are, but you're a gentleman, every inch of you! and I'm proud of you."

"My dear Sir George," said Tristam, shaking the baronet's hand, "you place to high a value upon the service I esteem myself fortunate in having been able to render, you do indeed. In making your acquaintance and that of your daughter I am more than repaid."

"And may we not know," said Felicia, "the name of the stranger to whom I owe so much?"

"My name is Tristam Pagett, a——"

"What!" cried Sir George. "Not the son of my old comrade, the late Lord Lambarde?"

"The same; his youngest son."

"I might have known you came from a good stock, your behavior to-day proves it—blood will tell, whether in man or horse; and your father was just the bravest and best fellow that the sun ever shone upon!"

The ringing of the bell again gave Tristam warning that the time of departure was at hand.

"You are not going?" cried Sir George. "Nothing of the sort; you must come back with me; I will take no denial."

"I shall be most happy at another time; but I have a friend with me, and we are bound for the Highlands. We are expected, and, sorry as I am, I must say good-by."

"But how long will you stay there?"

"A month."

"Then come to Egerton as soon as the month is up. I'll listen to no denial. We shall have our Christmas gathering then. Mind you come, and bring your friend with you. He shall be welcome for your sake."

Tristam had to make his adieux hurriedly, and for the third time that day was very near to letting the train go on without him.

Jasper, who was leaning back, studying the newspaper, looked up on his entrance, and was immediately struck by Tristam's manner.

"By jove, Tris! what has happened?"

"Only that I am right and you are wrong!"

"Then you have seen the parent? Who was he?"

"Spare your sneers; they are out of place.'

"You were introduced to him?"

"Yes."

"And who was he?"

"Sir George Egerton, of——. Why, good Heavens! Jasper, what ails you?"

The effect which the utterance of this name had upon Jasper was electrical. He started; the paper rustled in his grasp, and the dusky red which ordinarily tinged his cheek vanished suddenly, and a sickly yellow took its place.

"You are joking," he said, at length, with a desperate effort to recover his composure; "you cannot mean that the girl in the crowd outside the station was—was—Felicia Egerton?"

"Such was the name. Do you know her?"

"Know her!" cried Jasper, "I am engaged to her. Felicia Egerton is my affianced wife!"

Felicia engaged—and to Jasper! Could Tristam have heard aright? A keen pang shot through him as he ejaculated:

"You don't mean that, Jasper?"

"I do. It's perfectly true.

"But I have never heard a word about it!" pursued Tristam, unable to give up thus suddenly the bright anticipations he had been cherishing. "You never once hinted to me that you were engaged to any one."

"True enough!" answered Jasper, gloomily; "but I am engaged for all that. It was agreed that nothing should be said about it at present on account of the recent death of Felicia's only sister. It was agreed, however, that it should be publicly announced about a month hence, when there is to be the usual Christmas gathering at the park. How confoundly unlucky it was that I did not recognize her! But I never dreamt she could be in London. She is a perfect vixen, and I shall never hear the last of it. But stay, her back was toward us—perhaps she has not seen me. She cannot have done so, or she would have claimed my aid."

Tristam was by no means sure of this.

"If she did not see you I feel sure she recognized your voice, for she started when you spoke, and then it was that I first saw her face."

Jasper ground his teeth.

"It's an unfortunate affair, Jasper, and I wish you well out of it. Don't look at me as if I had done you an injury. There is my hand, old fellow. I wish you luck. We are still friends."

"And no poaching on my manor, remember," said Jasper, brightening somewhat as he grasped Tristam's hand.

"You are my friend," was the grave answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cat and the Kaiser.

A Berlin correspondent writes: A wandering cat nearly did recently what the French generals failed to do in the whole campaign of 1870–71. A stray pussy was within an ace of doing for the old Emperor William of Germany. The Kaiser generally regales himself in front of his bed room fire, before turning in, with a supper of fried fish. With his usual keenness for economizing time the old man eats his supper seated on a patent steaming apparatus, which has been ordered by physicians. A small boiler is placed on the fire, from this an india rubber tube conveys steam into a small cell under the patient's chair. While the Emperor was eating his supper and enjoying the moist heat a puff of smoke and soot came down the chimney and made him start so violently that the tube was disconnected and the boiling water poured in volumes all over the place. His luck never deserted him, however, and he escaped without a scald, to find eventually that the puff of smoke was caused by a cat, which, attracted by the smell of his fried fish, had rashly attempted a decent of the chimney and got stuck in the flue.

It's One of their Failing.

A Hartford man, whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting her know of her safe arrival in New York. In a few hours he received the following message, 'collect:" "Dear George: Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 6, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while en route. Had a perfectly lovely trip. Don't worry about me; I'll get along all right. And take good care of yourself. Be so careful about taking cold this damp weather. Remember that you are to keep on your flannels until the 15th of June. Be sure and have the house open and aired as often as once a week. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Don't forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day. I'm sure I'll have a lovely time. So good in you to let me go. You must come over after me in August. Forever and ever and ever yours, Mamie." An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following reply to her "word or two:" Don't cable anything from Liverpool. I'm a ruined man if you do. George."
—*Hartford Times.*

Senator George, Mississippi's candidate for the Supreme Bench, is noted for two things: He writes a shockingly bad hand, and he has never had his picture taken,

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

The true song of the mocking bird
Far in the woodland lone is heard,
No mimic strain therein has part,
The tones come singing from his heart;
Another note he brings each day,
Where roses o'er the lattice sway;
The song in which the world has part
Is not the true song of his heart.

In dulcet, palpitating tone
He sings and dreams himself alone;
Such music in the cadence lies,
'Tis like a voice from Paradise;
I, softly stealing through the wood,
Capture the song, a sweet prelude:
It thrills the dusky solitude,
Dream of a nest and downy brood.

Through all the song's bewitching power
There floats as fragrance from a flower,
A spell, as though a haunting tone
Had drifted from a joy long flown;
Dear bird, your secret who would tell,
One hint of your sweet madrigal?
Enough one listening ear had part
And heard the singing of a heart.

LAURA F. HINSDALE.

A SOUTHERN BATTALION.

Packed into its term of service were hundreds of thrilling incidents, in which, however, the thirty-fourth Virginia Battalion had a by no means unique experience. It served both as cavalry and infantry, and in both did honest service to the cause it espoused. The battalion was organized by General Humphrey Marshall in Smith county, Virginia, January 14, 1862, by the election of Captain V. A. Witcher Lieutenant Colonel and Captain William Stratton, major. Charles Edwards, of Bangor, Maine, was appointed adjutant, but resigned in 1864, after distinguished service, and was succeeded by John T. S. Wade, who served with distinction to the end of the war.

Shortly after its organization it was ordered to Staunton, Va., and during the month of March, 1863, was ordered to report to Brigadier General William E. Jones, at Eddingburg, Va. In April and May, 1863, it accompanied General Jones in the expedition made by him and Imboden to West Virginia and participated in all the engagements. At Greenland Gap it greatly distinguished itself by charging and taking a church after two of Jones' best regiments had failed. Charging on horseback, the command surrounded the church and held its position under a heavy fire, until Private Henry Mitchell, of Company A, climbed from his horse up one of the corners of the church and set it on fire, compelling the surrender of a hundred of Mulagan's command, who held the building.

On this expedition General Jones caused the heads of a large number of oil barrels to be knocked out and the oil burned. A great deal of it ran into the Little Sandy river and the flames spreading covered the surface of the river with fire, presenting a scene awfully grand. For what purpose the oil was destroyed it is hard to tell. Our battalion occupied Ringwood, Fairmont, Grafton and other points and saw fighting at all of them, as well as at Cheat river bridge, which General Jones failed to capture and destroy. The batallion had a sharp fight at one end and gained ground, but a vigorous attack was not made at the other end to support it. In the latter part of May the command was ordered to report to Brigadier General A. S. Jenkins, and in a few days was detached and sent with Major General Rhodes' Division of infantry faom Bunker's Hill, where the battalion had severe fighting in driving a detachment of Federals out of some brick houses. In this engagement Lieutenand Anderson Christian, of Company B, was killed while gallantly leading his company in a charge. Before starting in the charge he took off his shoes, as useless appendage.

Having defeated the federal infantry and artillery at Martinsburg, General Rhodes ordered the battalion to attack some six hundred Federal cavalry, which was trying to cover their artillery. Dashing forward through the town the battalion charged and broke the Federal cavalry and put it to rout, capturing a battery and many prisoners. The battalion at a gallop pushed on to Williamsport, across the Potomac, and early next morning routed a body of Federal cavalry. Being joined by Gen. Jenkins, whose command had in detachments been with General Ewell at Berryville and Early at Winchester, the whole command pushed forward through Hagerstown, Chambersburg and Carlisle to the immediate vicinity of Harrisburg, where the battalion charged and drove out of their entrenchments a body of militia. Covering the withdrawal of General Jenkin's command from Harrisburg the command on the evening of the first day's fighting with the brigade joined General Lee's army in the rear of Gettysburg. On July 3, under the immediate command of General Stuart, the battalion was dismounted in line of battle at and in front of Hubbel's barn, where it fought a New Jersey regiment and some Vermont troops. In the evening being charged by a regiment of Michigan troops, under Colonel Alger, it rallied and captured the colors of the Michigan cavalry.

Returning from Gettysburg, where the command had suffered immense loss in killed and wounded, Adjutant Edwarda being among the latter, the battalion, with General Stuart, passed through Emmitsburg to Hagerstown and Williamsport, fighting incessantly. At Gettysburg Private William Pritchett during the cavalry charge was attacked by three Federal cavalrymen. Shooting and killing one, he clubbed his gun and killed with a blow one of the others, and was himself shot down with a ball in his thigh by the third, but managed to rejoin the command that night, and, though a cripple for life, returned to Virginia and served through the balance of the war.

Participating in the engagements of Hagerstown, Williamsport, Funkston, Jones' Cross-roads, most of the time detached as sharp-shooters for the calvary corps, the battalion recrossed the Potomac and took part in the engagements of Leetown, Opeckon Bridge and Miller's Hill, where it greatly distinguished itself, with a detachment of the Thirty-sixth Virginia Battalion, all under the command of Colonel Witcher, by holding a position after the rest of the forces had, with the artillery, been driven from the field. When the centre and left were reformed and reinforced it charged and drove the enemy back for more than a mile. It was soon ordered to East Tennessee and joined Brigadier General John S. Williams' command. Under him the Thirty-fourth participated in the engagements of Blue Spring, where, though the Confederate forces were defeated, the battallion retired in good order and covered the retreat at Rheatown and Davis Mill. It greatly distinguished itself in these engagements, as well as at Blountville. At Blue Spring Sergeant Johnson, of Company E. whilst lying in line of battle behind a tree, was shot and killed by a ball which struck a limb some fifty feet above him and, glancing downward, struck him in the left side and abdomen.

With Bottle's regiment of Tennesseans the battalion fought at Zollicofer and under Brigadier General William E. Jones bore brilliant parts in the engagements of Rogersville, Baufman's Ford, Thornhill, Elizabethtown, Bawl's Bridge, Wyerman's Mills, and under Colonel Witcher the battalion defeated Federal forces on John's Creek and at Louisa, Kentucky; at Turkey Cove, Greary Cove and the gap of the mountain, near Bran Station, at the last place charging dismounted after dark a Federal force, driving it from its position and capturing its camp and equipage. At Toyville, Tennesse, it charged a large Federal brigade in the night, driving it out of its camp. At Wyman's Mills it charged and broke a Federal line of infantry and captured two companies of prisoners. At Thornhill it captured, in 1864, twenty wagons loaded with supplies for General Burnside. In Lee county, Virginia, it captured a Federal wagon train of thirty-nine wagons belonging to the Federal garrison at Cumberland Gap. The command was engaged at Mount Airy and Marion in the battles between Stoneman and Breckenridge, and bore conspicuous parts in both. In the battle of Marion Colonel Witcher's horse was shot under him, and, his foot being entangled in the stirrup, the horse fell upon him and had to be lifted off. After this battle the command was ordered to Lynchburg and dismounted to meet General Sheridan's forces, who had captured Early's command at Waynesborough, and it was supposed would push on to Lynchburg. The command was shortly afterwards ordered back to Southwestern Virginia and soon disbanded. The battalion was armed with muzzle-loading Enfield rifles, pistols and sabres, nearly all of which were captured, as well as their McClellan saddles.

In August, 1663, William Stratton, major of the Thirty-fourth Battalion, went, under Witcher, on an expedition into West Virginia. At McDonald's, Witcher, who was in command, being in front with the advance guard, rode up within thirty yards of a company of the Thirty-fourth Ohio Infantry. The Federals were in an apple orchard at the side of the road. Witcher and the advance did not discover the Federals until they were ordered to halt. Putting spurs to their horses Witcher and the advance rode through. Stratton hearing the firing in front, gallantly charged with his whole force and captured the entire Federal force, excepting only one man. Moving forward two miles to Wyoming Court House, Witcher attacked and drove the Federal forces out of the town and followed them several miles in the direction of Flattop Mountain. Then he resumed his march in direction of Logan Court House and upon the 3d of August, when within eight miles of that place, learned that a strong detachment of the Fourth Virginia Federal Regiment under Major Hall had gone in the direction of the Big Sandy. At daybreak on the 6th Witcher with his whole force started in pursuit and late in the afternoon overtook, attacked and defeated the Federals after a bloody engagement. Major Hall was was killed and Witcher, Stratton and Lieutenant Taylor, commanding Rewan's company, were badly wounded.

The Joke Was on Gen. Hancock.

When Gen Hancock went up to Mount MacGregor to prepare for the burial of Gen. Grant and took possession of the little railroad that runs up from Saratoga, an episode occurred which was not down on the program. In his blunt way Gen. Hancock had declared the Government in possession of the railroad and had thereby considerably wounded the dignity of W. J. Arkell, the President of the road. The General ordered a train to carry him up to the mountain, stating at the same time that he wished while going up to change his citizen's dress for his General's uniform. "You can change in the baggage-car," said young Arkell, "and I will run the engine myself." The little road is not one of the smoothest. It is in fact rough and uneven. Arkell pulled the throttle-valve so wide open that the train was sent jumping over the track in a lively manner. The General inside the baggage-car could scarcely keep on his feet. He pulled and pulled at the bell-rope, but the more he pulled the wider Arkell opened the throttle. When they got to the mountain the General was not half dressed and was in a furious rage. Arkell coolly told him that by the manner in which the bell had been pulled he thought the General was desirous of going faster and that he had only been trying to accommodate him. How much of the excuse the General believed he never told.—*New York Tribune.*

He Got It in Writing.

Col. Tom Worthington, a West Point officier who commanded an Ohio regiment during the earlier part of the Rebellion, was dismissed from the service for alleged disobedience of order at the battle of Shiloh. Seeking redress he went to Washington, and in that city spent every winter until he died. Constantly begging to be reinstated in the service he bored President Lincoln almost to death. One day he called Gen. Tom Ewing out of the House of Representatives and said to him: "Lincoln's a fool!" "What makes you think so!" asked Ewing. "Read this note," said Worthington, pulling a paper from his pocket. The letter was dated at the Executive Mansion, and read as follows: "I have several times informed Mr. Worthington, verbally, that he was unfit to be a Colonel, and now, at his request, I put it in writing. A. LINCOLN.

FOR THE LADIES.

Women as Teachers.

The objections usually made against these young women lie, first, as to their sex, which is, however, if Horace Mann's theory was correct, rather an advantage than a disadvantage. Then it is objected that they only teach temporarily, on their way to something else, while men would teach permanently. This claim has been refuted over and over again by statistics taken in particular towns, and showing that women teachers are apt to teach actually longer than men who teach in the same grade of school; because men are more often won away by some more lucrative pursuit than are women by matrimony. Of course, if you give all the higher positions and all the higher salaries, as is still done, to men, you give to those holding these more advantageous posts greater inducements to remain permanently; but as between teachers of the same grade, which is the only fair comparison, these statistics hold. As a rule women find no vocation more profitable than teaching; while men are more fortunate, and have many better openings. Women are therefore kept in the profession unless they quit it for matrimony, while men are easily withdrawn from it. Most of the able public-school teachers whom I have known in years past are now clergymen or lawyers, while many of the ablest women are still teaching.

There remains the assumption that women, as women, are ordinarily less well trained for teaching than men would be—certainly than German men. This disadvantage as to training did undoubtedly exist in times past, and it is still found in small country hamlets, where the teachers are often young women trained only in the schools of the village. But the disproportion of educational facilities is diminishing every day. With the normal schools on the one side, and the colleges admitting women on the other, there is a rapid equalization going on. In many of our normal schools there is now a four years' course; the books, apparatus, and teaching are all of the best; if Germany is the standard the teachers have often been trained in Germany; and with the women's colleges it is much the same. The grade is steadily rising as to the higher education of women. In Massachusetts about one-fourth of the public school teachers are graduates of normal schools, and nearly one-third have attended such schools; while of the number who are college graduates no statistics are given. Should men again replace women in these schoo's there is no reason to suppose that they would surpass the present teachers in respect to education. It is certain that the average male teacher of forty years ago was inferior in this respect to the average woman teacher of to-day.

Marital Complications.

An army officer, says a writer in *The Capital*, told me a strange story the other day of a brother officer who graduated with him from West Point many years ago. Shortly afterward he married a pretty girl and for a time things went smoothly, but John Barleycorn, who has killed more soldiers than have ever fallen in battle, got the best of him and he went to the dogs rapidly. Finally he threw up his position in the army, deserted his young wife, and for years nothing was heard of him. At last news came to the poor woman that the worthless wretch was dead, and after a time she married another officer, and they moved out to his station at one of the far western posts. In the meantime it seems that her first husband was not dead, but after years of debauchery and wandering reformed. He then began to make inquiries for the woman he had deserted. Nothing was known of her, and after a long and fruitless search he was forced to the conclusion that she had given up the struggle. He came to Washington, where, through the assistance of some influential friends, he procured an appointment in the army. Then, believing himself free, he married again and took his wife to the frontier post to which he was ordered—the same at which his first wife was living. The meeting, the shock of mutual recognition, the deep shame of the terrible situation, is something to which no pen can do justice. What were they to do? The question has not yet reached a satisfactory settlement.

Coins in the Mouth.

It is quite common among women, who, under such circumstances, never seem to have quite hands enough, and so they press their mouth into service to do what is not only a vulgar thing, but absolutely filthy. The nickel which is taken from the purse may have recently left a hand unwashed since it fondled a child dying with diptheria or other infections disease. Or it may have come from the hand of a man suffering from the most loathsome of disorders. None will doubt but the habit in question is thoughtlessly indulged, but if you have it, break yourself of it, and never again be guilty of such atrocity.—*Boston Herald.*

Wife and Husband.

Abend Zeitung: "Rudolph, whom did you say our friend Eckstein had married?" "Ach! he has married money—a matter of 4,000,000 thalers. I have forgotten the other name."—*Abend Zeitung.*

She—"Yes, Edward, we've got everything, I believe, but where's the baby?" He—"Why, I gave it to you." She—"I know, and I gave it back to you!" He—"Well, by thunder! if I haven't gone and left it in the parlor car!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Mr. Young husband (slightly jealous of his wife's successes)—Bah Jove, Edith I'm doosid glad this is the vewy last decollete exhibition of the season, don'tcherknow! She—Yes, so am I. I'm just longing for my three weeks' rest before I have to put on that new bathing suit.—*Puck.*

"John, I wish you would rock the baby." "What'll I rock the baby for?" "Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you and you should not object to rock him." "Well, don't half belong to you?" "Yes." "Well, you can rock your half and let my half holler."—*Judge.*

One night at tea the conversation turned on the seven brothers mentioned in the Bible who one after the other married the same woman, as each one died the brother next younger marrying the widow. "For pity's sake," cried our eight-year-old boy, "how long did the widow last!"—*Boston Traveler.*

The Only Difference: Husband (whose wife has unsuccessfully asked for some money—Do you know, my dear, the difference between myself and a mule? Wife (promptly)—No; I do not. You must ask me something easier. Husband—Well the difference is, my dear, the mule is well heeled, while I am not.—*Drake's Magazine.*

One of the most tender-hearted men in this country lives in an adjoining county. For nearly two years he kept the cremated remains of his wife in a handsome jar on the mantel-piece. A few days ago, during sleety weather, he got down the jar and sprinkled the ashes on the front steps for fear his second wife might slip and break her neck.—*Norristown Herald.*

Fashion Notes.

Surf bathing is no longer fashionable.

Beaded passementeries are worn on dressy frocks.

Bonnet strings are very short, when they are worn.

The tight coat sleeve will soon be a thing of the past.

The Frances Cleveland turban is the favorite small hat of the season.

The sleeve with a puff from the elbow to the shoulder grows in favor.

It is not in very good taste to wear much jewelry in very warm weather.

Now is the time to cover sofas, cushions and chairs with lace tidies.

Two pairs of strings, very long but narrow, are put on reception bonnets.

Pink gloves, both in suede and glace kid are sold in connection with the hosiery.

The Prince and Princess of Wales always ride in vehicles with India rubber tires.

There are fans now made of imported grasses, which are almost as fragrant as sandal wood.

Flower necklaces with ends falling to the waist of the bodice are coming in vogue for summer festivals.

India rubber break-blocks are the proper things with which to grip a wheel so as to prevent all noises, jar, or strain when stopping a vehicle.

The latest craze in fancy work is modeling flowers in gutta percha paste. It is not a very recent invention, but it has only recently been popularized as fancy work.

There are many new and some very eccentric sleeves sent out by the makers of fashion this season, all of which show the tendency to abandon the old favorite, tight coat sleeve.

For rough riding over the country new habit coats of heavy stuff are shown by our best tailors. To these, in addition to the seams strapped like a covert coat, are seen bright scarlet (English pink) waistcoats.

Pale blue is a wonderfully decorative color on a green lawn, whether used for flower vases of blue delft or for painted seats, lattices, or any of the ornamental work put on lawns or in the garden, or blue flowers.

Portiers of Mikado reed and colored beads are being approached in point of popularity by hangings of tennis or hammock net, to which are pinned cones, burrs, nut-pods, shells, butterflies and other mementoes of forest or sea side life.

Pink silk stockings have been introduced and are to be worn with every color but red. At ceremonious gatherings slippers made of the dress material are prescribed white for house toilets. The delicate pink hosiery is shod with low vamped kid or patent leather.

Gossip for the Ladies.

A small step has been made by Icelandic women this year. They have got permission to pass the higher examinations, and to study in the chief classes in the college school at Reykjavik.

Mrs. Kimura Hida, who is one of the promoters of the lately established Female College of Tokio, has been admitted to the medical course of the Japanese Imperial University. This is the first lady that has been admitted to the Imperial University.

Queen Victoria has, it is stated, chosen a site in Windsor Great Park for the erection of the equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort subscribed for by the women of England as a jubilee offering. The spot is within a short distance of the Duke of Cumberland's obelisk.

A home for women teachers of every creed has been opened in Dresden, where they can remain during holidays or while looking out for fresh situations. Foreigners also are admitted, and it has already proved of great convenience to many. As newspapers and directories can be obtained there, it serves as a registry office also.

Maria Mitchell is one of those women whose influence over other women, especially young women, is unbounded. With the white curls about her neck and the straightforward, direct look that is a unique charm in her eyes, her girl students at Vassar seem to feel it not merely a necessity, but the highest of privileges, to do whatever she wishes. She lives in the observatory, with the telescope running up through the dome in the middle, space for recitation-rooms and for the most charming of domestic menages being found in the two stories of the wings on either hand.

This year being the tercentenary of the execution of Mary Queen of Scotts, it is proposed to hold at Peterborough an historical exhibition of portraits, rings, missals, and all objects of interest connected with that unfortunate Queen. The exhibition will be opened July 13 and closed Aug. 9, so as to include the date of Queen Mary's burial in Peterborough Cathedral. Queen Victoria has given her patronage to the undertaking, and the Dean of Peterborough is the President of an influential committee by whom the exhibition will be managed; and they ask all who may posses relics of Queen Mary or anything connected with her history to assist them in making the exhibition a success by the loan of those articles.

The Ypsilantian.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM YPSILANTI.			TO YPSILANTI.	
	Mail		Mail	
Fr'gt*	and ex.‡		and ex.‡	Fr'gt†
6 30am	9 00am	Ypsilanti	5 10pm	4 00 pm
7 10	9 18	Pittsfield	4 53	3 30
7 35	9 28	Saline	4 42	3 05
8 15	9 45	Bridgewater	4 28	2 35
10 03	10 03	Manchester	4 10	2 00
10 35	10 15	Watkins	3 57	12 30 pm
11 20	10 30	Brooklyn	3 43	11 20 am
11 52	10 44	Woodstock	3 30	11 02
12 30pm	10 50	Somerset	3 23	10 50
12 55	10 55	S'm'rs't Centre	3 18	10 25
1 45	11 05	Jerome	3 09	10 00
2 58	11 16	North Adams	2 58	9 25
3 30pm	11 35	Hillsdale	2 40pm	8 30 am
.....	6 50pm	Chicago	7 25am	....
.....	5 05	Toledo	9 35am	....
.....	9 40pm	Cleveland	5 35am	....
.....	3 30am	Buffalo	11 40pm	....

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only.
†Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.
‡Daily except Sunday.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association will be held at Port Huron this year, commencing Tuesday the 26th inst.

A correspondent to the New York Sun claims that he has seen a woman's face in the full moon. The correspondent is "giving himself away." We remember the symptoms. The face is in his mind, and in his present mood would be as visible on a brick wall or down in a coal mine, as in the full moon.

The Toledo Blade received 21,390 replies to the question, "Who is your first choice for the republican candidate for the presidency?" Blaine was the choice of 11,010, Sherman of 6,684, and Lincoln of of 2,237, ten other possible candidates receiving less 500 votes each. Of the large number of replies received from Ohio Blaine received more than Sherman. Robert Lincoln was the choice of the majority for the vice-presidency.

Albert Stone, a private in the regular army, stationed at Fort Wayne, was shot and killed while trying to escape from the fort last Monday evening. He was under conviction of perjury at the time and was to have been taken to Governor's Island to serve a two year's sentence. Stone was a young man, said to belong to a good family, his real name being Saunders. His home was in Illinois. He joined the regular army while smarting under the disappointment caused by an unfortunate love affair.

Now is the wail of the tax-payer heard in the land, and now are the days of our friend Carpenter, the tax-taker, filled with weariness and vexation as he seeks to sooth the discordant souls by higher taxes troubled; and now are his nights filled with remorse as he recalls the answer he gave when asked what he did with the money they paid him last year, and his many promises of lighter taxes in the years to come. Peter's position is not an enviable one these days, with the thermometer at 98 in the shade and the indignant tax-payer at boiling point just in front of him.

The last number of that thrilling bi-ennial periodical, the Legislative Journal has been receiued and lies before us. It is hardly as interesting reading as the report of a base ball game in which our favorite club won by a home run in the ninth inning, but it is the last, the farewell appearence, and that fact will add to its value—for wrapping paper, there being more pages than in the previous numbers. The principal purpose of the last issue seems to have been to give to the world a poetical effort of seventy-four stanzas from the pen of the Clerk of the House, Dan Crossman, but that purpose will never be attained. The world is too busily engaged at the present time in a vain attempt to keep up with Haggard's latest novel to give time or attention to seven pages of Legislative Journal poetry.

The usual Orange-Catholic riots occurred last Tuesday, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. It is possibly the privilege of the Orangemen to parade through the streets with a show of rejoicing over a battle fought more than a century before they were born, even at the risk of receiving broken heads, if they so desire, but it is the assertion of a privilege that carries with it no compensation in patriotism displayed or in inspiring memories revived, the seeming principal purpose of the demonstrations being to show their hate and contempt for their Catholic neighbors. On the other hand, the Catholics who take part in the mobs that assault Orange processions bring dishonor to the church and race, they assume to defend. If the pugnacious Catholic was as willing and anxious to live up to the highest privileges of his religion as he is to crack a head in its defense, his name would occupy a prominent positions in the calendar of saints.

A Mercantile Boycott.

The following from the Ann Arbor Courier gives the outlines of a scheme that will never be more than outlined, no matter what may be the result of the medical department agitation. Plans are easily made, but the transfer of the entire trade of a city such as Ann Arbor, would be an undertaking not easily accomplished:

A scheme is being agitated among the merchants and business men of this city that may have some effect on the proposed removal of the medical department of the University to Detroit. The plan is practically for them to combine and transfer their entire trade to Toledo and Chicago houses. This will make a difference to the Detroit wholesale trade of at the very least $500,000 per year, and probably much more. Toledo is as near as Detroit, prices are as cheap there, and our merchants can be as well supplied from that point as from Detroit The movement is a retaliatory one to offset the proposed taking away of the medical department by Detroit, if it shall be agreed to.

But little was seen of the bicyclers who passed through here, in their race from Ann Arbor and return by way of Saline and this city last Friday afternoon, as they entered the city on Chicago avenue and departed by way of Cross street, not touching the centre of the city. The race was won by an Adrian man. The team race, which started from the corner of Hamilton and Congress streets was won by the Detroit team, they getting a start of nine minutes by reason of their competitors, three Adrian men, not being present at the appointed starting time. The triangle race was participated in by but three contestants, and but two teams were represented in the team race. Not as many bicyclers were present at the meet as had been expected. About thirty of the wheelmen passed through this city Saturday morning on their way to Detroit, taking breakfast at the Follett House about seven o'clock.

Rawsonville.

Walter Barlow of Detroit, was the guests of his parents last Sunday.

Met Roberts won in a hundred-yard foot race at Kalamazoo the Fourth.

Otto Rohn is making some repairs on his house.

Miss Sadie Yost, of Big Rapids, was the guest of Mrs. Yeckley last Sunday.

Miss Ella Foster of Sioux City, Ia., is visiting Miss Almena Barlow.

Mr. C. Eaton is the recipient of an Australian parrot. The bird is quite a talker, and dont swear a bit. It is a present from his nephew.

Stony Creek.

Mrs. Dansingburg and daughter of Ypsilanti, are the guests of Mr. T. Tallady.

Mrs. E. Stone and Mrs. Addie Hartly have returned from their visit to Detroit.

Mrs. Harmon is visiting friends in Detroit.

Mrs· G. Hayden and daughter Florence, of Toledo, are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Wheat harvest is progressing rapidly, and most of the farmers are now drawing it in.

Work on the M. E. church is progressing slowly.

Salem.

The Misses Ida and Hattie Wither left Tuesday for Cleveland, Ohio, their former home.

The ice cream social held at Mr. Van Aken's last Saturday evening for the benefit of the Laphan church, proved a success both financially and socially.

Miss Maud Shankland closed a successful term of school in the Walker district, Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Owen will fill Rev. Whitcomb's appointment at the Laphan church next Sunday afternoon.

Miss Minnie Shankland has returned home from a short visit at Plymouth.

E. J. Quackenbush and wife visited friends at Detroit and Utica last week.

Pittsfield.

There are a number of new binders in town.

Mrs. Mosher was a guest at Deacon Canfield's Sunday.

Miss Agnes Cady was the guest of Alice Begole last week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Nedley, a girl.

Whortleberries are plenty and so are pickers.

Mrs. F. D. Rathfon has returned from New York.

Quirk Putnam is the guest of Henry Preston.

S. P. Sumner traded horses with a stranger Monday. A liveryman from Saline soon claimed the horse as his property, and Mr. Sumner is now looking for the stranger.

Newcomb.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ryan of Ypsilanti were calling on friends in this vicinity last Sunday.

George Alban came home from Detroit last Saturday to stay a while to recruit up. He has been nearly sick for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walters are the happy possessors of a nice little girl, born last Tuesday, July 5.

Married, July 4, Mr. Clifford Sanderderson to Miss Rosa Russ, both of Augusta. We wish them much joy.

To Mr. George Bryant and wife, a fine boy.

Born, July 2, to Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, a boy.

Died, June 25, in the 54th year of his age, Mr. William Robins of Augusta. Mr. Robins moved on to section 16 about 3 years ago, coming from Dresden, Ont., to which place he was taken for interment.

Mrs. Mary Davis died July 6th from excitement and worry on account of the death of her father, she having been in poor health for some time previous.

Mr. David Walters of Ypsilanti spent one week ago last Sunday and Monday with his parents of the Island district.

Two of Mr. Henry Fullington's children are down sick with marlarial fever.

Mr. Edwin Sanderson has bought a new Wood binder, and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, and his son Dan, have bought a Champion together.

Mr. David A. Hammond, principal of the Tecumseh High School, is visiting with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hammond.

Martin Dawson is on the sick list.

Mr. Horace Wray, of Pittsfield, and Miss Addie Price, of Ypsilanti Town, were visiting at John Bird's last Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Harris has a sister from New York state visiting with her.

Jas. Nugent and Thomas Hitchingham returned home from Nebraska last Saturday, well satisfied that Michigan is the best state yet, to live in.

Mrs. Addison Childs of Lansing, accompanied by her boys, are visiting with friends and relatives in Augusta.

Mr. Mervin Pool found George Bryant's hog in his wheat, so he shut the hog up and claimed damages for wheat destroyed. A committee to apprise damages consisting of the following named persons was appointed: Wm. H. Newton, Bud Carter, Jonathan Harris and Henry Ellis, who laid the damages at $8. Bryant thought eight dollars was too much for two hours pasture in a wheat field. He thinks grass will do hereafter.

C. H. Greenman has received his commission as Notary Public of Washtenaw Co. for the next four years.

Mrs. Trump and daughter of Detroit, have been spending several days at Jas. B. Lord's.

Mr. Addison Childs, of Lansing, has our thanks for copies of Lansing papers.

Miss Bridget Dawson of this place, finished another successful term of school in the Elwell district, town of Sumpter, on Friday, July 1. She has taught the same school several terms. On the closing day, the scholars presented her with a nice plush photograph album, as a memento of their love and respect for her; and she is worthy of it all.

What good farming will do. Eleven years ago this coming fall, Mr. J. M. Breining, moved on to what was known as the Morgan farm, which was quite badly run down; but Mr. B. has brought it up to such a high state of cultivation that he had to engage two men to do his mowing this summer. C. H. Greenman and C. F. Tuller had the job, and I tell you it was business. His other crops are just as good. He has not far from 40 acres, but it is enough, the way he farms it.

From the Source to the Sea.

Mrs. Frances Wilson of Philadelphia, connected with Taggart's Sunday Times, is in the city canvassing for that much discussed book, Capt. Willard Glazier's "Down the Great River." Mrs. Wilson has not assumed the role of a book agent by choice, but by reason of an earnest desire to fit herself as a medical practitioner, the recent death of her husband making it necessary for her to rely upon her own efforts and resources to accomplish the purpose of her ambition.

The privilege of canvassing for such a book as that of Capt. Glazier's "Down the Great River," is not less a pleasure than a necessity to Mrs. Wilson, however, as it is a most interesting one from the first page to the last, and is valuable from a descriptive and historical point of view as well. As is perhaps well known to all readers of general news, Capt. Glazier claims to have discovered what he terms the "true source of the Mississippi," a small lake south of Lake Itasca, and and connected with the long-reputed source of the great Father of Waters by a short shallow feeder. This latter lake was discovered by a party headed by Capt. Glazier, July 22, 1881, and was by the members of his company formally named Lake Glazier. The greatest diameter of the lake is one and a half miles, and its feeders are three small creeks, the source of the longest being less than six miles from the lake.

The book contains an account of the discovery of Lake Glazier, as well as the circumstances and impressions of the author that led to its seeking; but that which will prove most interesting to the general reader, aside from the special interest which attaches to the reputed discovery, perhaps, is Capt. Glazier's well-written description of his voyage from Lake Glazier to the Gulf of Mexico—from the source to the sea. The voyage occupied one hundred and fifteen days, and the experiences and observations of each day's journey, together with descriptions of the cities and towns and general features of the country along the course of the Mississippi, a distance of 3184 miles, is given in an easy, vivid way, that retains the interest of the reader, while the accuracy of the descriptions and the correctness of the information imparted gives to Captain Glazier's "Down the Great River" a general value and merit that recommends it to all book readers.

A Summer Soliloquy.

Ypsilanti is unusually well supplied with groceries, and though all are doubtless as good as can anywhere be found, there is one here that in some respects can be ranked as much above the average grocery, in quality of goods, its relations with customers, and in the general features that distinguish one such establishment from another. We refer, of course, to Arthur Smith's grocery, Congress street. At Smith's grocery you will always find the best in the line of standard groceries, and in vegetables, fresh fruits, butter, eggs and all kinds of country produce, Smith keeps at all times a fresh and complete stock.

The soothing and restorative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral are realized in all cases of colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, while its powerful healing qualities are shown in the most serious pulmonary disorders.

Blatchford's stock food, old process oil cake and Raven's condition powders for horses, cattle sheep and swine.
P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

80 acres in town of Brady, Saginaw Co., very cheap, $12 per acre, or will exchange for city property. Enquire of S. A. DENIKE.

Encyclopædia Britannica, popular reprint, $2.50 per vol.
JNO. W. WISE, Agent.

Wanted to Rent.

A good house. Inquire of C. H. Foster, Congress street.

Many a young girl shuts herself out from society because her face is covered with pimples and blotches. All disfiguring humors are removed by purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy is the safest and the most reliable that can be used.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell and imperial egg food for poultry.
P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1887, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Isaac K. Collar, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the fifth day of January next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Wednesday the fifth day of October and on Thursday the fifth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, July 5th, A. D. 1887.
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
9295 Judge of Probate.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Written from the Standpoint of a Student of Vassar College.

Men are peculiar; they wear No. 10 boots and snore. This is what makes it easy to recognize a man when you see one. Men wear hats they are careful of and carry umbrellas they are not careful of; when not losing them they are always poking them into somebody's eyes. Men don't gossip, but they go to their clubs and talk over the "news." Men don't paint or powder (often), but they raise whiskers that make them look like Scotch terriers, and coax little hair moles to grow on their chins. Men are not vain, but they never like the young lady who says they are not handsome.

Men are consistent. They like to see the dress of a lady plain and sensible, "hate furbelows and flummery," but let a lady in a "plain, sensible" dress enter a car where these men are seated and she may stand an hour and not one of them offer her a seat, but when a lady enters arrayed in the height of fashion every one of them will spring to his feet and glory in the honor of standing for her sake, or rather for the sake of her clothes. Men never find fault with themselves, not if they can help it. Adam showed them how they could help it, and they have profited by his instruction. Men take cold and think they are going to die, and when you carry them a bowl of herb tea they turn pale and ask you if it is bitter and if you don't suppose it would do just as well to take it next week.

Men don't lead around a poodle dog with blue ribbon, but they chew tobacco and perfume their clothes with a pipe. Men are always wanting a clean shirt, and when they get one they are always ready to swear that there is not a button on it, when all the time the buttons will be there, only they can't find them. Men can never find anything. They pull off their boots and forget where they put them, and pretend they remember just all about it, and after they have rummaged around and turned everything upside down, and looked on all the shelves in the pantry, in the sewing machine drawer, and upset your work basket, sit down and remark that this is a deuce of a house, a fellow never knows when he gets out of a thing when he is going to set eyes on it again; and when you bring his boots, that you have found right where he left them, he hands you his slippers and wants to know if you "can't jab them into some out of the way corner where the old Scratch would never look for 'em."

Men think they know a lot, and they do sometimes. Men are a trouble, but they are handy to have in the house in a thunder shower, or when the wind blows, and they are not afraid of mice. I know this is true, because I once saw two men chase a mouse around a room for an hour (more or less), and neither appeared to be in the least alarmed. Toward the close of the chase one of the men stooped to wipe his brow and remarked that it was warm—an exceedingly cold observation, in my opinion, as it was cold and comfortable up on the head of the lounge where I was.—Vassar Student in Home Journal.

Deterioration of the Mental Faculties.

There is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. Dr. Farquharson argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well to do classes generally spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and, although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to withstand the strain of sudden emergency. So, when a load of work is unexpectedly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly, a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by taking suddenly too violent exercise.

As to the amount of mental work that may safely be done, Dr. Farquharson says: "So long as a brain worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it may safely be said that it is not necessary to impose any special limits on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labors. But when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken down."—Faith and Work.

Riches and Folly.

The "gilded youth" of our great cities grow weary of balls, of steam yachts, of even the theatres, gambling and drink. Their jaded appetites crave stronger diet. In the great centers of riches and folly some of them crowd in the small hours of the morning to dens unknown to the police, to see brutal combats between prize fighters. At a recent fight between a woman and a dog, the ring was surrounded by men worth millions.

"The only real sensation I have enjoyed for years," said one of this class lately, "was in China last July, when I saw the executioner chop off five heads in an hour."

At heart, these lads are made of as good, manly stuff as others. They are victims to the popular idea that the sole use of money is amusement. Even when weighted by huge fortune as Napoleon Bonaparte once wrote to his marshal, "Surely, we should endeavor to do something; to say that we have lived; to leave some impress of our lives upon the sands of time."—Youth's Companion.

Human Ashes.

"Did you ever see any human ashes?" was the rather startling question put to a reporter by President Cobb, of the United States Cremation society. Producing a square glass eight ounce bottle, three-fourths full of almost white ashes, he said:

"These are the ashes of a child about 6 or 7 years old. They were left in charge of the society by the parents, who were going out of the city, and had no safe place to bestow them. Here (showing a round tin box about eight inches high and six in diameter, half full of ashes of the same color) are the remains of a man, coffin and all. They are delivered to the relatives in this form."—New York Mail.

The French in Algeria.

All this indicates that the French in Algeria have come to stay. The only drawback to this is not physical, but moral; it is in the French themselves, who, not content to expatriate, willingly submit to expatriation, but are always sighing for la patrie. As I paid my compliments to the engineer on his splendid work, I expressed the hope that he would live to see all these mountain valleys filled by a French population, to which madame quickly replied: "But we hope to return to France!" "Ah, yes," said the husband, "there is but one France." It is this sighing for the old home that makes it difficult for the French to become good colonists.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

TALK WITH THE TRAINER.

Patience With a Goose—A Green Poodle. Monkeys and Dogs.

Considerable interest has been taken by people who have visited the Academy in the trained animal show. A reporter had a talk with the trainer and visited his pets during the matinee the other afternoon. The goose which the trainer has succeeded in teaching the rudiments of arithmetic is naturally white, but a few weeks passed in that region of dust behind the scenes, which so many human geese imagine to be a fairy land, has reduced the fowl to a most pitiable state of uncleanliness. "When the season closes," said the trainer, "I always turn her out on the farm and let her rusticate for the summer. After being off the stage for two months last summer I put her on the boards without any previous rehearsal, and she went through her performance without a single mistake. She was a whole year being educated. I purchased her of a trainer in Philadelphia, who was educating a pig and this goose. He succeeded wonderfully with the former, but could do nothing with the bird. I was convinced that he hadn't taken time and patience enough with her. Although a bird has, perhaps, less intelligence than a beast, I think I have satisfactorily proved that fowls have intelligence and thinking powers, any scientists or theologians you may bring along to the contrary notwithstanding. Different animals have as many varying moods and temperaments as human beings. You cannot use a whip with a goose. If she becomes in the slightest degree frightened it will take her at least half an hour to recover her senses. The way I acquired power over her was through her appetite. If she minded me or showed any unusual mark of intelligence she received as her reward a bit of a certain preparation of which I was certain she was fond. If she proved refractory she got no supper. There, hear her squawk; she knows as well as I do that it will be time for her to come forward and play her little part. She enjoys it as much as any human being could."

At that moment a green young poodle that had not learned to profit by sad experience began to be "fresh" with the brave pussy which leaps through the fire at the command of her trainer. The poodle retired after the short encounter with a piteous howl. "There," said the trainer, "perhaps you will let Tag alone another time. That cat has killed six rats as large as herself since she has been here and, as you can imagine, is a match for any poodle ever born."

After showing the reporter the two greyhounds which made the wonderful leaps, he proceeded to open a door which led into a small room carpeted with sawdust in which were three monkeys and a dozen dogs. The latter leaped upon the reporter and their master with a deafening chorus of welcome, and the sawdust of the floor was quickly transferred to the clothing of the visitors. Taking refuge on a table, the reporter continued his inspection of the pets. At that moment the large monkey, which had found something particularly offensive in the visitor, made a vicious spring at him, but was stopped in mid air by the chain which held it. "That's a vicious brute," said the trainer, "and a clubbing once a day wouldn't hurt it. Monkeys of this species can only be taught by the rule of the rod. With these little ringtailed African monkeys it is different. They will always remember and resent a blow, but are affectionate little fellows and can be taught anything by coaxing. You notice none of the dogs dare approach the big monkey's chain, as the latter is cock of the walk." The dogs, jealous of so much attention bestowed upon their enemy, here began to protest vigorously.

"The clown dogs are both curs. In fact, our dogs seem superior to thoroughbreds in the matter of intelligence. I think much of the talk about the superiority of the latter all nonsense. Dogs have a genuine idea of humor, and some are as mischievous as a dozen monkeys. This one drank up my shaving water and it made him sick. This one eat up my lather brush. This big fellow jumped through the glass door of the pen last night and the whole tribe after him."

The time had now come when the animals were to play their parts. They crept upon the stage as still as mice and assumed their places. When the scenes parted and disclosed them the dogs set up a joyful chorus and the show began.—Rochester Post Express.

French Invasion of the Caucasus.

The peaceful invasion of the Caucasus by means of foreign capital proceeds in a serious and threatening manner. It is not enough that the French Rothschilds should have laid hands on the richest vineyards in the Caucasus, as well as the petroleum wells, and that a French company should have acquired the immense estate of Otschemtschir from Prince Schervasclridse, but now the magnificent estate of Prince Turgieff has passed into the hands of two enterprising Englishmen, who know the value of the clay deposits, and are about to erect important porcelain manufactories there. A syndicate of French doctors are also about to establish an important and attractive Etablissement des Bains near Batoum, and in other parts of the Caucasus. The exploitation of the mineral riches of the district is being successfully pursued entirely by foreigners. The immense coal deposits in the neighborhood of Samtred and the sulphur pits in the district of Akhalzych are already in the possession of Frenchmen.—Novo Vremya.

The Sun is Not Blue.

A year ago Professor Langley, the distinguished American astronomer, performed an experiment in the theatre of the Royal institution to show that the true color of the sun is blue. He argued that the atmosphere cut off a large proportion of the blue rays, and that, if the observer could get beyond it, the sun would look blue. Capt. Abney, in a lecture on "Sunlight Colors," rejected this experiment, adopting Prof. Langley's figures with mathematical accuracy, but dispensing with his paper disks, which this lecturer held vitiated the result, and he showed that the color of the sun was not blue, but very nearly that of the white light to be seen at high elevations in a clear, dust-free atmosphere.—London Telegraph.

Records in Purple Ink.

During Gen. Grant's term as president one of his cabinet officers discovered that the records of an important branch of one of the departments had been for two years written in purple ink. He at once issued an order forbidding its use in the department, purchased a new set of books, into which two years' records were copied, and thus saved what in a few years would otherwise have been lost. It is one of the problems of chemistry to find something which will make permanent the beautiful aniline colors, but thus far all efforts have failed. It is growing more and more the custom to have deeds, contracts and valuable documents printed on a typewriter in aniline ink. This is a great mistake, because in a few years they are sure to be obliterated.—The Argonaut.

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